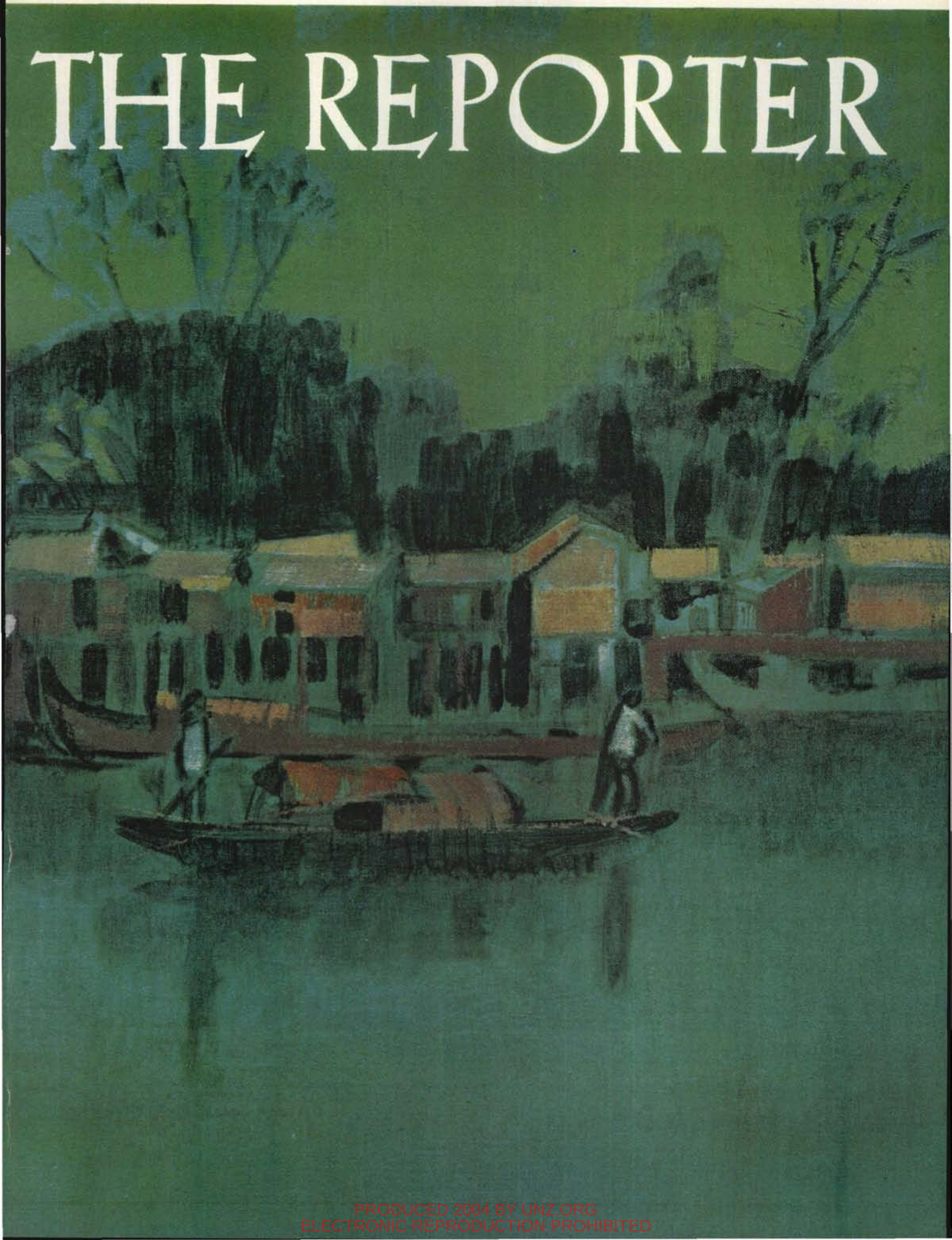
Arms and Men in Southeast Asia

March 11, 1965 35¢

THE APPALACHIA APPROACH

THE REPORTER



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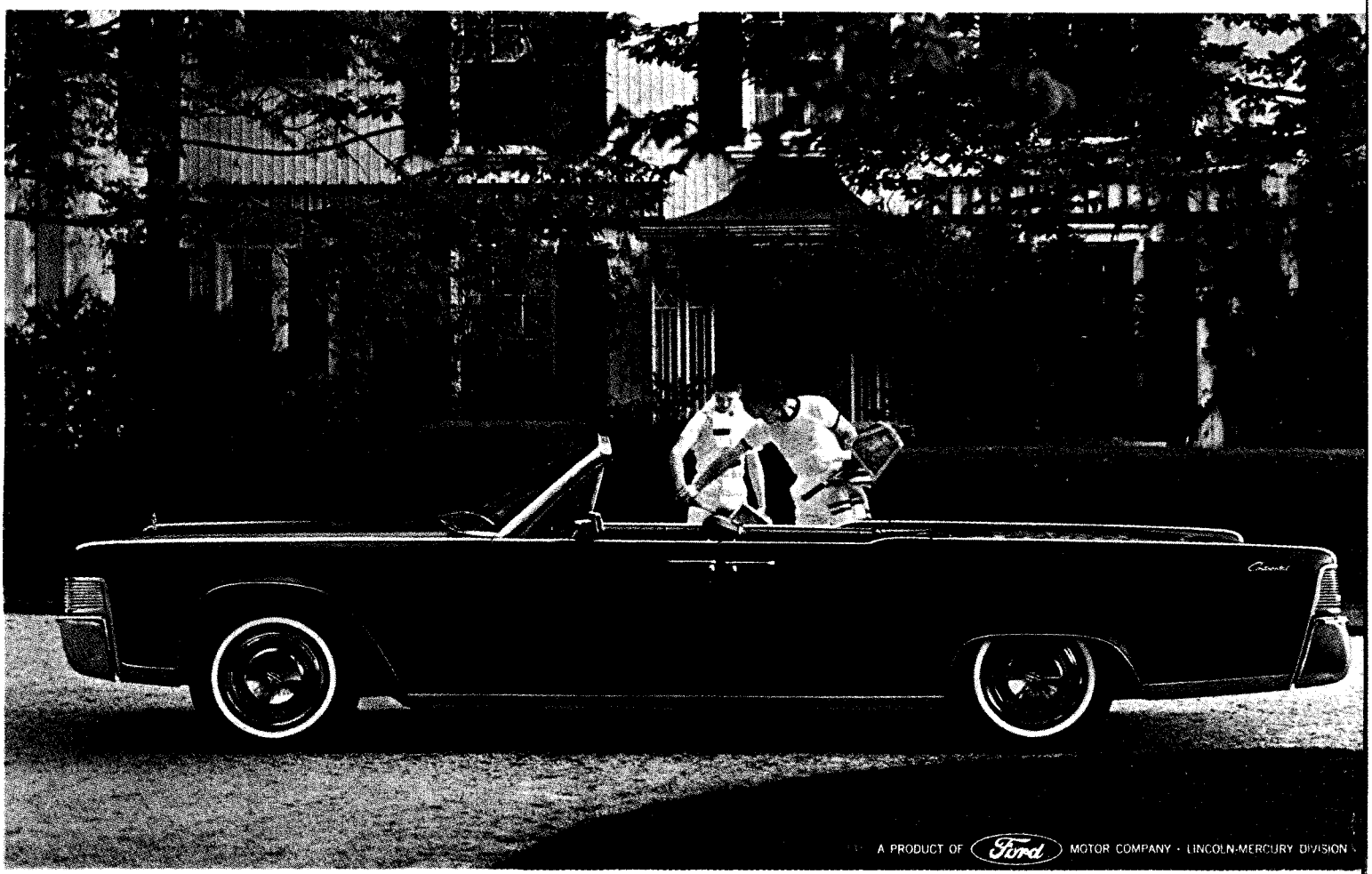

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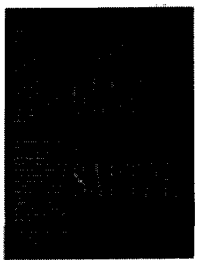
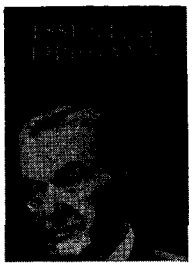
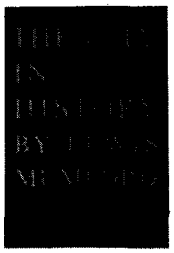

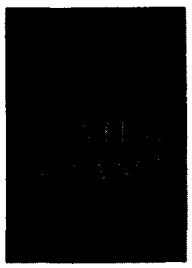
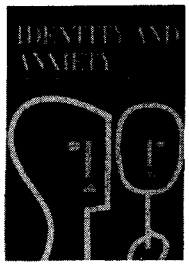

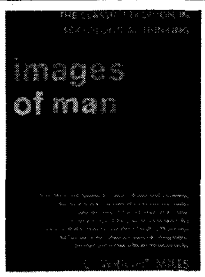

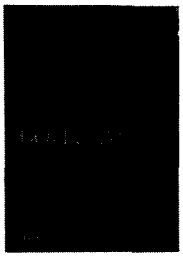
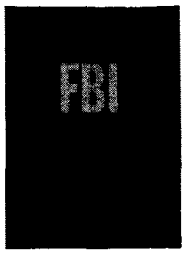

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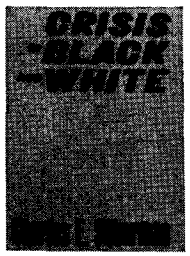

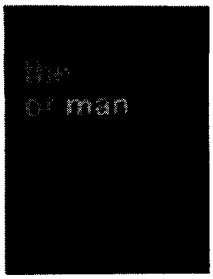

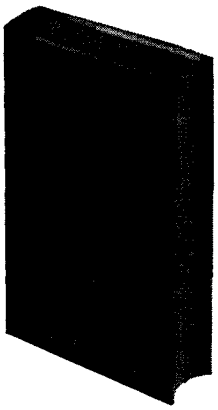
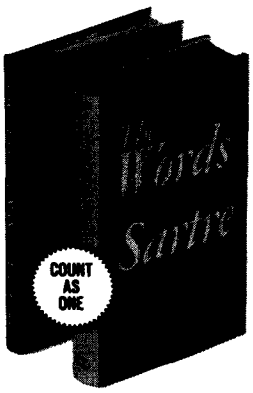

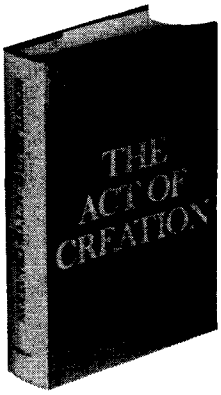

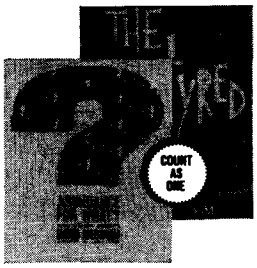

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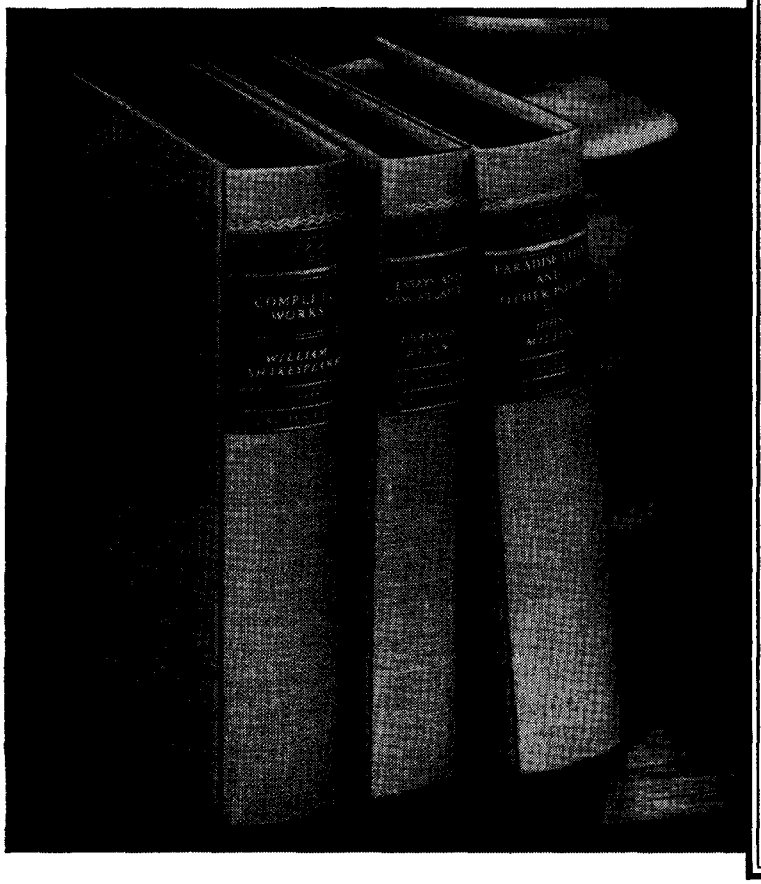

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WHILE the turn of events in South Vietnam has understandably captured the recent headlines, it is clear that Southeast Asia is a regional problem for U.S. policymakers rather than a collection of separate national problems. In this context Chinese expansionism is the long-term threat and the strength and steadfastness of our allies in the Pacific is of major importance. One of these, Australia, has reacted to the worsening situation in Southeast Asia by building up its armed forces and preparing to take a greater share of responsibility with Great Britain for defense of our common interests in the region. **Denis Warner**, an Australian journalist who regularly reports on the area for us, writes from Melbourne on this encouraging initiative. . . . The other side of the coin—the military capability of Red China's vast but underequipped armed forces—is assessed by **Jerry A. Rose**, a writer for the *Saturday Evening Post* based in Hong Kong. . . . And the latest episode in the tragic game of revolving generals in Saigon is described by **Denis Warner**, who flew to the South Vietnamese capital at the height of the crisis and is remaining to cover further developments.

THE EXPANSION of Federal programs to combat poverty and unemployment has been accompanied by concern about further concentration of power in Washington. The President's Appalachia bill provides a new approach that will at last give states and local communities a major voice in solving their problems. **Jerald ter Horst**, chief of the Washington bureau of the Detroit *News*, describes a program that could well prove to be a model for similar efforts in other regions. Now awaiting a final vote in the House, the Appalachia bill may also be the first significant piece of LBJ's Great Society legislation to be passed by Congress. . . . Recently it was announced that West Berlin's attorney general had initiated a prosecution for mass murder against Adolf Hitler. The step was taken to make sure that—in the unlikely event that he had managed to escape from his Berlin bunker in 1945—the Führer could eventually be brought to trial. Such a prospect may belong to the realm of James Bond fiction, but it does point up the debate now raging in West Germany over the extension of the twenty-year statute of limitations on Nazi war crimes, due to come into force on May 8. **David L. Schoenbaum**, a journalist and former Fulbright scholar who lives in Germany, reports on a controversy that has deeply divided German political parties and aroused international reactions. . . . In certain sectors, NATO has gone further on the road to integration than is generally realized. At the level of combat command, however, it is closer to President de Gaulle's concept of an alliance of national forces. **Hanson W. Baldwin**, military editor of the New York *Times*, concludes that a compromise between Washington and Paris is possible, for France needs NATO just as much as NATO needs France. . . . Some press reports of the fighting in the eastern Congo give the impression that a highly organized political rebellion is in progress. **Russell Warren Howe**, African affairs correspondent of the Washington *Post*, presents a dissenting view.

FATE turns a light on and turns it off in "Son-in-Law," a short story from *Not for Publication, and Other Short Stories*, by the South African writer **Nadine Gordimer**, to be issued in May by Viking, which also published her most recent novel, *Occasion for Loving*. . . . **M. L. Rosenthal** wonders what sense of the American reality the British listener will have acquired from a series of recent BBC interviews with some of our more fashionable intellectuals. Mr. Rosenthal is on leave in England from the faculty of New York University. Oxford University Press, which published his book of poetry, *Blue Boy on Skates*, has reissued in Galaxy paperback his *The Modern Poets*. . . . **Chad Walsh** teaches at Beloit College in Wisconsin. His fourth volume of poetry is *The Unknowing Dance* (Abelard-Schuman). . . . **Nat Hentoff** writes regularly on jazz and folk music. . . . Our Chilean commentator, **Fernando Krahn**, has trouble with a dangerous word. . . . **Carl Degler**, currently on leave from Vassar, is doing research at the University of North Carolina. He is the author of *Out of Our Past* (Harper). . . . **The Rev. Andrew M. Greeley** is senior study director at the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago. . . . **Frederic V. Grunfeld**, a former commentator on music for WQXR, now lives on Mallorca and is a regular contributor.

Our cover for this issue is by **Bill Berry.**

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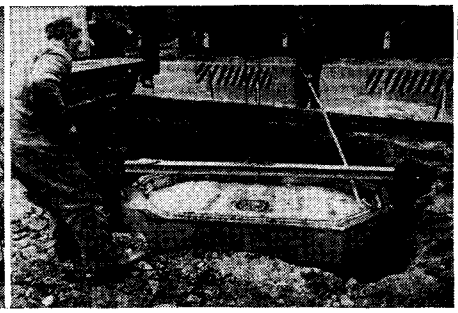
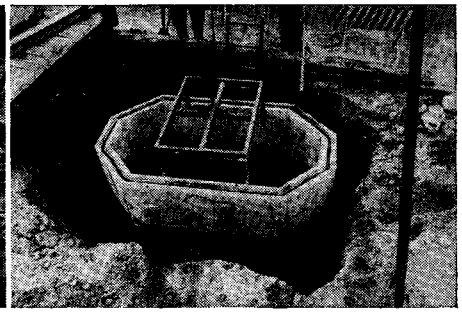
Building a manhole –Bell System style

Providing access to underground phone cables is vital to good service. The trick is to do it quickly, at low cost and with minimum public inconvenience...

Dig a hole.



Lower manhole vault . . .



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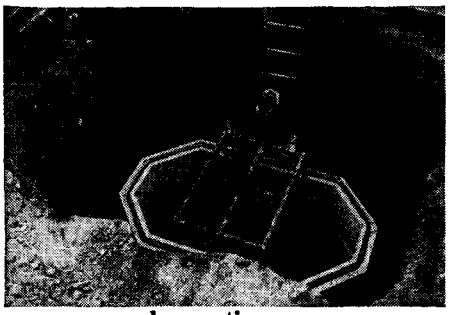
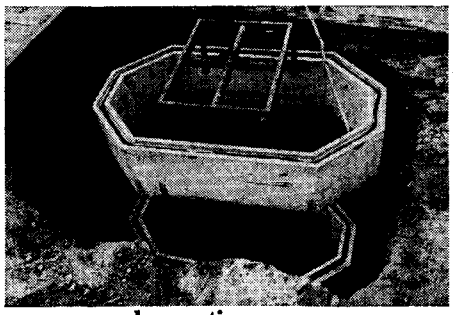


by section



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This construction method is being used more and more where conditions permit. It's still another example of the Bell System's continuing efforts to find better, lower-cost ways to provide and maintain the best telephone service in the world.

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A EULOGY PRAISED

To the Editor: The departure of a hero poses a series of challenges to the contemporary eulogist, whose prose must balance the emotional demands of the reader with the author's intuitive historical perspective. The challenge is obviously all the greater when the hero, as in the case of Winston Churchill, embraces and is embraced by an era. And yet you accomplished all this and more in your editorial "Death and the Hero" (*The Reporter*, February 11). The tribute was touching, eloquent, and fitting. Thank you.

ROBERTA SPIKE
Columbus, Ohio

POST OFFICE DEPORTMENT

To the Editor: As a member of the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee, I was most impressed with Meg Greenfield's "What's the Matter With the Mails?" (*The Reporter*, February 11).

Miss Greenfield has done her usual thorough job of digging out the facts and reporting them in an interesting manner.

MORRIS K. UDALL
House of Representatives

To the Editor: Meg Greenfield's article well illustrates the complexity of our nation's postal services. I would observe that the post office provides the average citizen with his first and most frequent impression of our government. For that reason, we must strive to make the department exemplary.

GALE MCGEE
U.S. Senate

To the Editor: What's wrong with the mails? Meg Greenfield diagnoses it as "the archaic habits of postal patronage." She is to be complimented on her grasp of many of the subtleties of a very vast and complex operation. But on this point, the article scores a clean miss.

Our problem is not politics but congestion—the sheer bulk of mail that floods our post offices. Here again, Miss Greenfield misses the target by giving a once-over-lightly treatment to the programs we have undertaken to cope with the congestion. Permit me to cite a few:

¶ Pre-sorting of business mail by ZIP Code.

¶ Entirely new transportation patterns revolving around our 553 Sectional Centers.

¶ Mechanized mail delivery in high-rise office buildings.

¶ A machine that will read and sort individual letters by ZIP Code.

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When these programs reach their maximum effectiveness in the months and years to come, I'm convinced we

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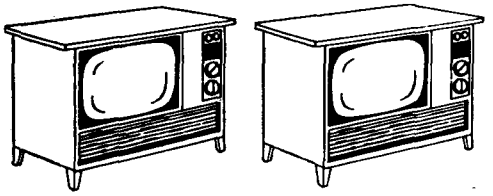
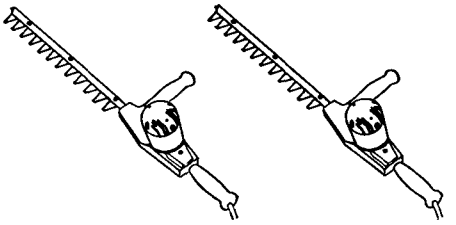


A 23-inch all-channel TV set priced at $279.95 . . . **OR** a similar unit priced at $319.95?



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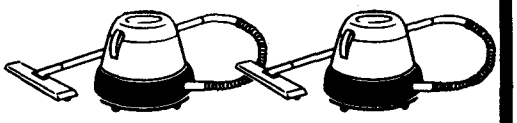

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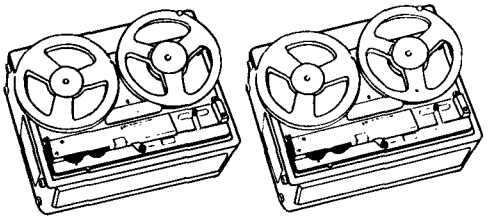

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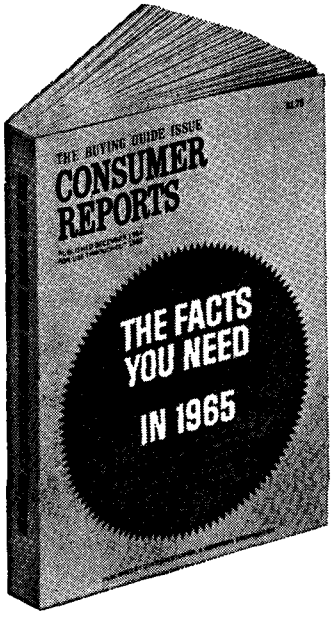

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ESSAYS IN THE HISTORY OF ECONOMICS

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will reach not a breakdown but a breakthrough in the Postal Service.

The article refers to the "mounting disaster of parcel post." Actually, during the past year parcel post has had the greatest overhaul in its history. Among many other improvements, we are offering scheduled next-day delivery of parcel post in many areas. For the first time this type of service has the quality of stability.

But let's get back to "postal patronage." The article directs some attention to the Department's method of selecting postmasters. But it failed to mention the Ramspeck-Mahoney Act of 1938, which placed postmasters under Civil Service.

Candidates for postmaster in smaller offices must pass a stiff Civil Service examination. In larger offices Civil Service carefully examines the candidates' background, experience, and acceptability to the community. In both cases, Civil Service assembles the list of eligibles and the Department chooses from the top three, except that we cannot pass over a veteran for a nonveteran.

Standards for postmasters in first-class post offices are so high today that many college graduates couldn't qualify for the job, if they haven't had four years of administrative and supervisory experience.

Since the beginning of this Democratic administration in 1961, we have had to dismiss for cause only about 130 postmasters out of some 34,000. Half of them, the records will show, turned out to be Democrats.

It would be idle for me to suggest to your sophisticated readers that politics does not play an important role in the selection of top postal officials. There are good reasons for doing so, since they must reflect the philosophy and views of President Johnson and his administration. This is the essence of the democratic procedure.

To expect the President to appoint postal officials whose political philosophy is inimical to those views is a little like asking *The Reporter* to appoint a William F. Buckley, Jr., as its managing editor.

JOHN A. GRONOUSKI
Postmaster General
Washington

Miss Greenfield replies:

I am sorry the Postmaster General feels that I was insufficiently impressed with his five postal breakthroughs. One is simply a priority delivery system. Another is a service performed by mail users and not by the Department. The other three haven't happened yet. I am willing to concede one breakthrough, however, in the text of the Postmaster General's letter itself: this must be the first time in recorded history that anyone has sought to explain the appointment of postal officialdom on the basis of philosophical considerations.

Mr. Gronouski knows better than anyone else that Civil Service examination *follows* the recommendation of a political appointee by a congressman from the appropriate district and the appropriate party. "A lot of it's political," he told me of his job in a recent on-the-record conversation that dealt with the amount of time he had to spend conferring with congressmen on these matters, and I left with the distinct impression that neither Plato nor Aristotle was involved. The Postmaster General was also frank on the subject of parcel post. He called it "the worst thing we're doing in the whole shop." The splendid achievements of the past year to which he now alludes will not be immediately clear to those who remember 1964 as the year in which curtailment of parcel post deliveries prompted a congressional inquiry.

Naturally, this magazine shares the Postmaster General's concern with improving the mails. As a sign of our good faith we are prepared to offer him first crack at hiring Mr. Buckley, whose well-publicized four years at Yale clearly qualify him for the rigorous intellectual requirements of a postmaster's job.

WATCH AND HOPE

To the Editor: Laurence Stern's "John J. Williams, Watchdog of the Senate" (*The Reporter*, February 11) leaves me asking: Why should he stand out against a backdrop of waste and whitewash? Isn't integrity the rule, and rascality the exception, in our Congress?

Hopefully, the article will help to raise the level of behavior expected of legislators by all the nation's voters.

DEAN R. CASPERSON
Stanford, California

A NOT FOR A NOW

To the Editor: The Note "The President's Decision" ("The Reporter's Notes," February 25) is excellent. I like especially the references to the illusion of nuclear brotherhood and to the President's own fellow Democrats who have no policy beyond "Forget the cheese! Just let us out of the trap!" The only thing that bothered me was what I assume was a typographical error in the last paragraph.

A *not* for a *now* can be disturbing, all right. A while back the conspirators ruined something I wrote by making *populism* read *papalism*. I had not been so put out since a time in youth when the word *raked* in my copy came out in print with a *p* in place of the *k*. None of these, however, is as bad as something I read a couple of years ago to the effect that "the turning point in modern strategy was the invention of the nuclear womb."

CHARLES BURTON MARSHALL
The Washington Center
of Foreign Policy Research

[*The above letter refers to an error in transcription in Philip Horton's Note on retaliation against North Vietnam. The sentence should have read: "With such pitfalls in view, it must now be our part to match the Communist escalation."*]

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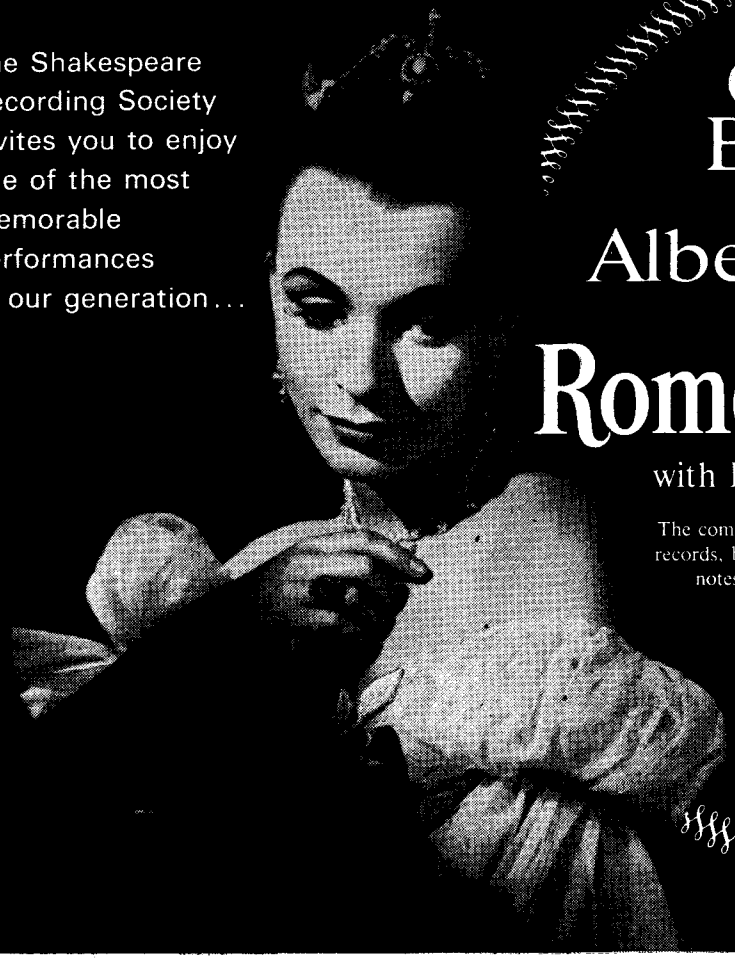

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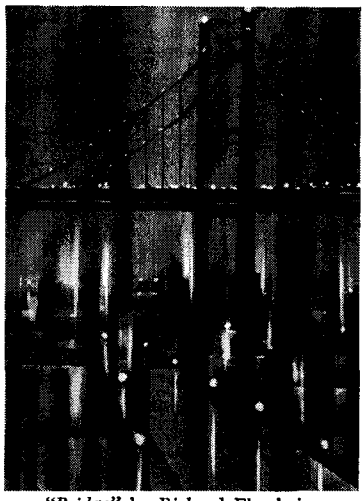

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Great Debate

At the month's end, the Vietnam crisis in some respects began to look like Suez all over again. Once more the NATO alliance was split down the middle, once more the Soviet Union was poised to exploit the division to its own advantage. There were important differences, of course. This time it was France, instead of the United States, which was making common cause with Moscow and the United Nations to override a NATO ally. Not only the Soviet Union, but this time Communist China too would stand to gain. Great Britain was cast in a special role, still firmly pledged to support the current U.S. position in Vietnam while actively exploring compromise solutions acceptable to all concerned.

The confusion and clamor of public opinion were familiar. Convinced that the final showdown on Vietnam was imminent, almost everyone who matters, or who for reasons of self-interest or moral posture wants to matter, had by now gotten into the act. The fear of all-out war and the yearning for all-out peace provided a seeming justification for such intervention and a convenient shelter for strange political bedfellows. We have seen similar situations before—not only at Suez but in Berlin. In those crises, however, the commitments were international or at the least inter-Allied, and called for multilateral decisions or, as sometimes happened, multilateral indecision.

South Vietnam is another matter. The United States witnessed but did not sign the Geneva Treaty of 1954. Our subsequent commitment to the people and government of South Vietnam, affirmed by three successive Presidents, is and always has been unilateral. So also, however grievous the burden, must be Mr. Johnson's decision when and under what conditions we should move toward a negotiated settlement.

Much of the mounting pressure on the President has emanated from Congress. It is of course proper, and sometimes even useful, for Congress to lead a public debate on the complex issues of foreign policy. That is part of its job, as it is also to recognize the Constitutional limitations on its power and responsibilities in that area. Another part of its job is to recognize the severe handicaps that such a debate can impose on the President's freedom of action in times of international crisis.

Certainly it has not helped President Johnson in recent weeks to know that his strongest support at home has come from Republican spokesmen, while some leaders of his own party were, in effect, abetting those abroad who were bent on forcing his hand. Fortunately there are now signs that some of these wayward elements in Congress have at last seen the light. In mid-February Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield was still urging negotiations by reconvening the 1954 Geneva Conference under the co-chairmanship of Great Britain and the Soviet Union—the solution now favored by Paris and Moscow but repeatedly rejected by the administration. By the end of the month, Senator Mansfield had changed his tack. "You can't carry on diplomacy in public," he declared. The President "should be allowed to maintain his flexibility."

IT WAS HARD for any American not to get the point. In the last days of February, the pressures from abroad increased sharply. There was about them an unmistakable air of concerted determination and a conspicuous disregard of diplomatic usage. French Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville, after a private and apparently unsuccessful talk with the President, took his case to the American public on tele-

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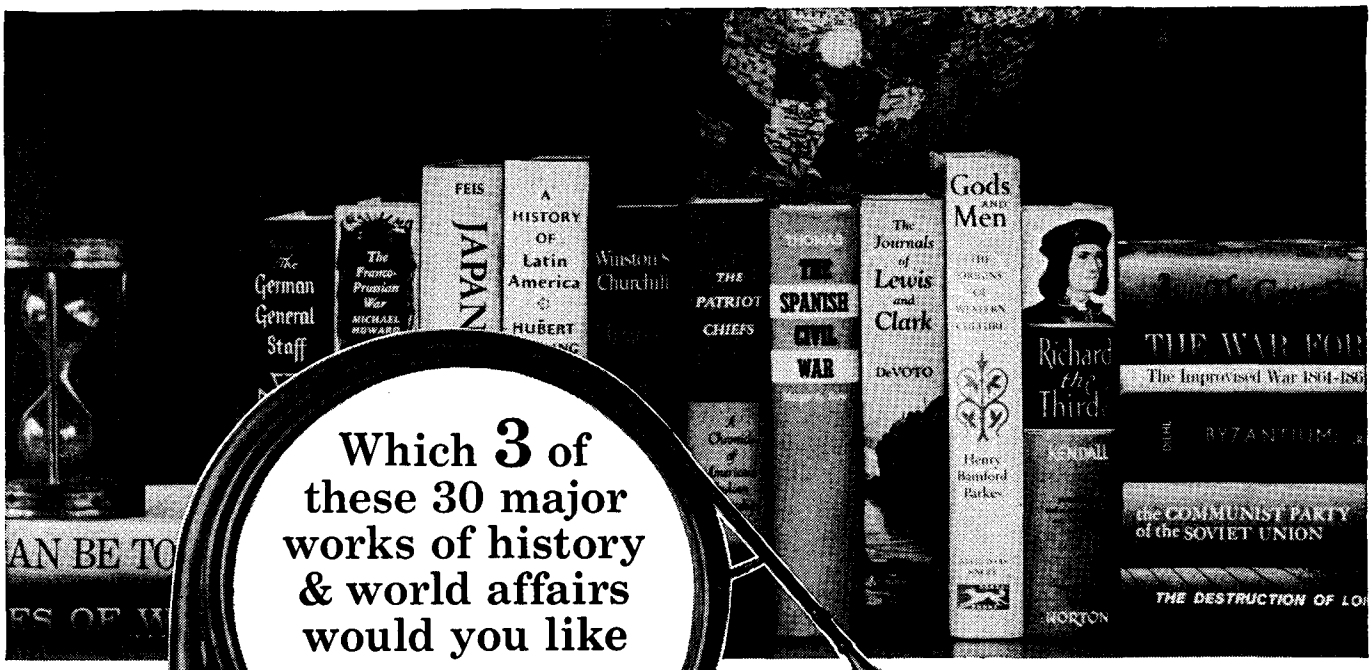

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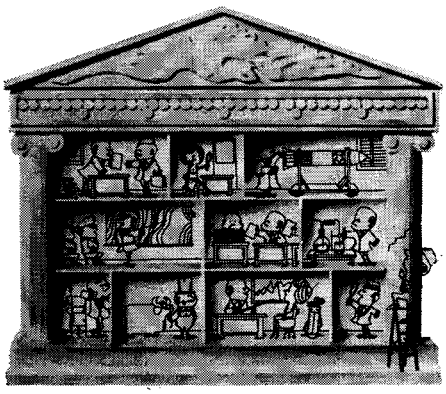

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vision. His advice: Negotiate—"as soon as possible." Two days later, the Soviet government, presumably with due regard for Premier Kosygin's preliminary soundings in Hanoi, Peking and Panmunjom, formally advised General de Gaulle they agreed: they stood ready to join him in urging Washington to negotiate by reconvening the Geneva Conference. At a press conference the following day and after talks with Couve de Murville, U.N. Secretary General U Thant tried his hand at persuading the American people against their government's policy in Vietnam. He did not advocate "immediate withdrawal"; the United States should simply "withdraw gracefully."

The Secretary-General did not stop there. He had "the greatest respect" for President Johnson, he said, but added, "I am sure the great American people, if only they knew the true facts and the background to the developments in South Vietnam, will agree with me that further bloodshed is unnecessary." His subsequent effort to correct the implications of this remark were not persuasive, the less so since he had just renewed his proposal for negotiations leading to U.S. withdrawal "from that part of the world." Reportedly, and quite understandably, Hanoi was now receptive to his suggestions.

The great debate on Vietnam has undoubtedly done more harm than good. But it has also underscored two important points that have tended to drop from view. The first is that the most voluble opponents of Washington's policy in Vietnam are those who have little or nothing to lose in Southeast Asia. Our staunchest supporters are the nations that have important security interests at stake in the Pacific identical or interlocking with our own. The second is the never-to-be-forgotten lesson of Suez: that open disruption in the western alliance can only benefit the Communist world. Surely the President's most urgent task, once an acceptable settlement has been reached in Vietnam, will be to take the lead in mending and reshaping the NATO alliance. Thereafter, but with hardly less urgency, Washington can take up the problem of working out a long-term regional policy for the whole of Southeast Asia.

—PHILIP HORTON

The Cold Line Chill

"The number you have reached is not a working number." One of these days Moscow's Weather Center may well receive that message when it tries to reach the U.S. Weather Bureau station in Suitland, Maryland, by way of the so-called "cold line." The cold line, which is not to be confused with the hot line, is a direct communications link established in 1962 as a result of a space co-operation agreement between this country and the Soviet Union. And at a time when the word "negotiate" seems to be coming in for redefinition, a look at the complexities of the cold-line affair might well be in order.

The agreement itself was negotiated over a prolonged period by Dr. Hugh Dryden of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and A. A. Blagonravov of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. Their talks were an outgrowth of a correspondence between President Kennedy and Chairman Khrushchev that in turn proceeded from a 1961 Kennedy speech at the United Nations calling for space co-operation. Now, nearly four years and a good deal of bargaining later, the cold line, which was conceived as a means of exchanging weather-satellite data, is in existence. But it is not serving the function for which it was created: only conventionally gathered meteorological information is being transmitted back and forth.

At the time the agreement was made there was a certain amount of grumbling from observers who wondered how the Russians could share weather-satellite data with us when they did not appear to have a weather-satellite program. "If they do not send us pictures, we do not send them any," Dr. Dryden explained to a Congressional committee. The point was that the Russians were committed to establishing a satellite program and that we would withhold any information until such time as they were able to keep their end of the bargain. That time was supposed to be 1964, and a respectable case could be made

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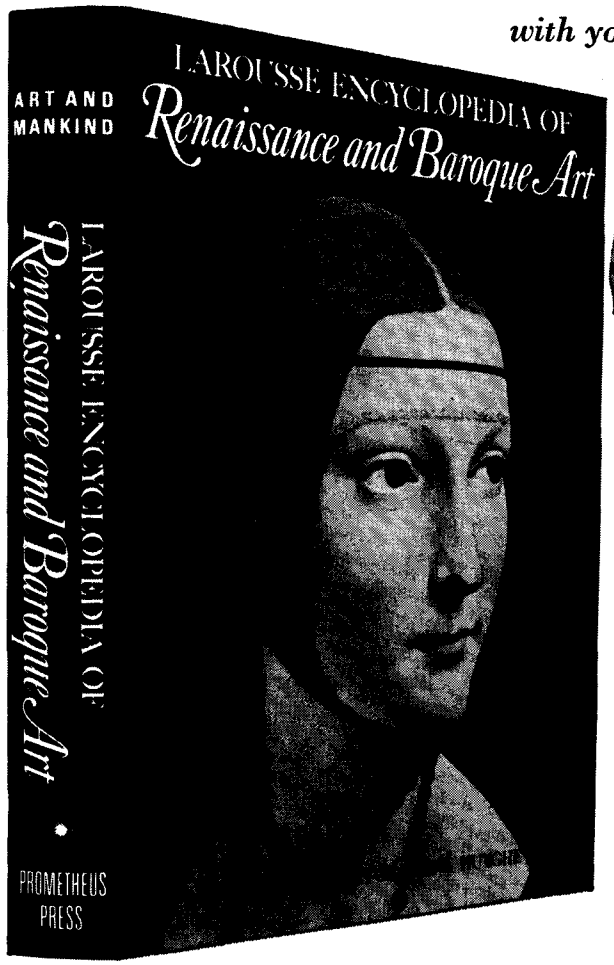

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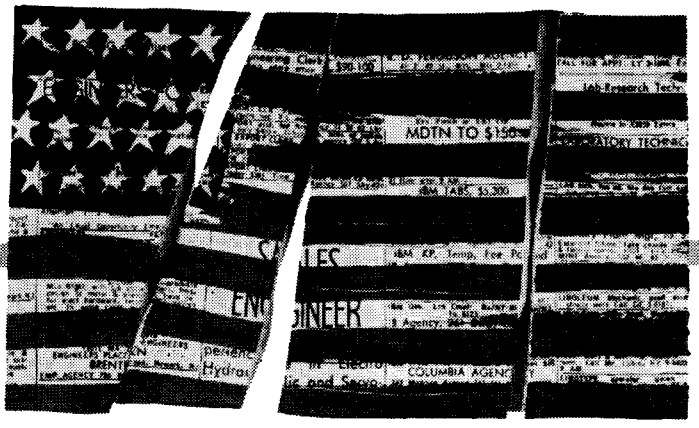

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for our going along: Soviet scientists were clearly eager to participate in such a program, and once they had got the Soviet government committed to it, the rest would follow naturally.

Thus far it hasn't. If the Soviet Union has a weather-satellite program, we haven't heard anything about it. It is a well-known fact—as a Soviet state blast might begin—that this is 1965. Testifying before a Congressional committee last month, Dr. Dryden was moved to remark that there is still no sign of compliance on the Soviet side and that if they do not start producing space-based data "within a reasonable period" we will "terminate" the cold line. It has been reported that June 30 of this year is the end of the "reasonable period" and that correspondence to Blagonravov on this matter has gone unanswered. What is the explanation for these curious goings-on? "They seem to have more cumbersome procedures than we do," a NASA official explained to us recently. The forecast, in other words, seems to be for continued cloudiness over NASA and, so far as the cold line is concerned, increased cold.

Poverty Plums

The rush is on by friend and foe alike to prejudge the war on poverty. Take, for example, the reactions to the program in Newark, New Jersey. President Johnson and Secretary of Labor Wirtz have given it lavish praise, but back home it has been under editorial and political fire because of salary costs and possible administrative duplication.

A private corporation organized to direct Newark's anti-poverty operations has received $204,000 in Federal and city funds so far, all of it for administration and about $140,000 for salaries alone. The corporation's director receives $23,000, only $2,000 less than the mayor and about $8,000 more than most city department heads. And a request is in for $18,000 to pay an assistant director.

The salary scale has prompted one Newark city councilman to resign in protest as an honorary trustee of the corporation. There

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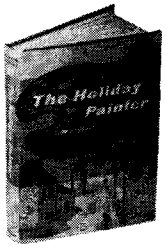

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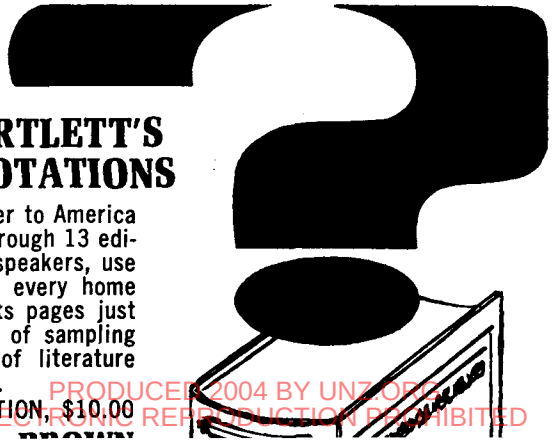

are also signs of jealousy among some local officials with whom the anti-poverty people must work. The critics have implied that the relatively high salaries and some other expenses, such as a $275 desk for the director, are inappropriate to the image of the program.

Politics also has made a disruptive appearance. Two Negro leaders who are trustees of the corporation have clashed over policy. Each realizes that the organization can be a means to considerable influence in the Negro community and wants to be its dominant Negro spokesman.

The result of all this is a local wave of cynicism toward the program that is at least premature. Johnson's commendation was specifically for Newark's Neighborhood Youth Corps, a separate program operating with a $465,000 Federal grant to put 348 school dropouts to work in the city library, hospital, museum, and police department, and at various city offices and agencies. This project operates under its own director, who is paid $12,000, and a $10,000 assistant. Although the youth corps project has been in operation only since January 4, the President, on the basis of a mid-February report from Wirtz, said that it "is an early indication that we can succeed in this best of all efforts"—the war on poverty.

But we find it difficult to see how such a pronouncement can be made on Newark's experience. First of all, the dropouts have simply been absorbed on the Federal payroll, and some Newark observers consider the jobs to be mostly makework. The real worth of the program may not be measurable until the Federal grant runs out. Will business and industry have found ways by that time to absorb these youngsters? Will they return to school? Or will they just return to the streets? That is the test.

Meanwhile, Washington is partly to blame for the criticism of the pay scales. It has failed to emphasize that the chief weapon being purchased is competent personnel—men and women willing and *able* to work daily in the cheerless world of urban poverty, where progress is certain to come slowly. In our society, even poverty workers don't come cheap.

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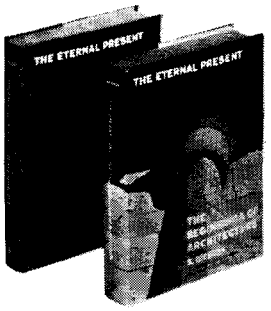

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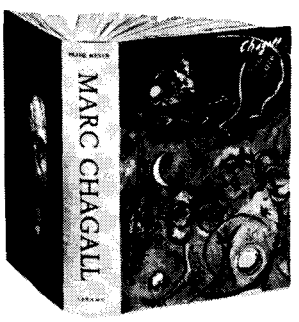

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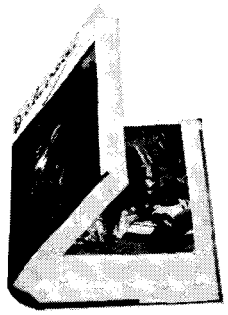

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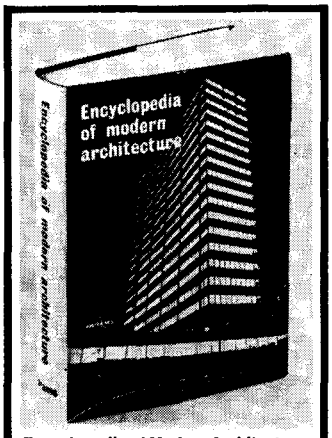

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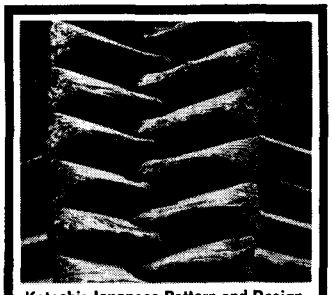

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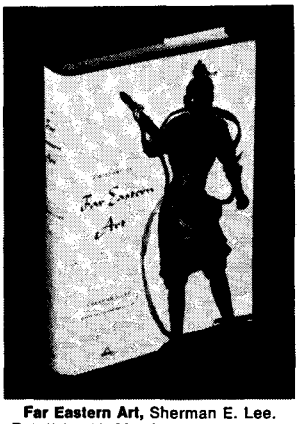

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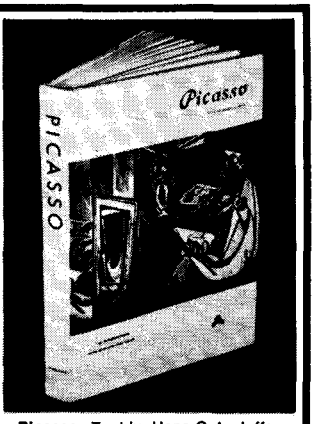

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Australia Girds for Defense

DENIS WARNER

MELBOURNE

"WE HAVE TO LIVE with Indonesia and would prefer to live in peace," Australian Prime Minister Sir Robert Menzies told a London press conference on February 4. "But you can't achieve that by retreating and retreating. We are willing to be friendly, but we are determined not to be weakened." After a long discussion with British Prime Minister Harold Wilson, Menzies had finally approved the British-Malaysian request to commit combat troops in Malaysian Borneo. The announcement, which was made by the cabinet on February 3, was bound to come sooner or later, but that fact did not diminish the grave significance of the news or of the circumstances that had brought it about.

For many years Australia has been conscious of the long-term dangers present in the chauvinistic desire for expansion that has always marked the beginning of periods of unity and strength in China. The state of the war in Vietnam, with all its portents, has been realistically assessed since before the fall of the Diem régime late in 1963. Yet no conclusion has been more painfully or hesitantly arrived at than the official recognition that Indonesia is set on a collision course.

Conscious of its own omissions in failing to achieve something better than mere formal relations with Indonesia during the 1950's, the Menzies government finally signaled its acceptance of the Indonesian takeover in West New Guinea in 1936 by an attempt to establish the grounds for an enduring modus vivendi. The late Athol Townley, as defense minister, established close personal ties with General Nasution, his Indonesian counterpart. And Sir Garfield Barwick, then minister of external affairs, did his best to dispel any Indonesian notions that Australia had any interest in encouraging separatist and other dissident movements in Indonesia. "What we hope for—and what we are prepared to work for—is a strong, united, and peaceful Indonesia," he told President Sukarno.

Australian critics of their government say that the attempt was made far too late. With the benefit of hindsight, the charge is easy to document. But whatever the cause, Canberra recognized by last September that its belated gesture had failed. Sukarno had chosen to live dangerously. The Australian cabinet read official reports that Indonesia's territorial ambitions now included not only Malaysia but Portuguese Timor, the Australian Mandated Territory of New Guinea, and beyond. After ten years of wishful thinking, wasted diplomatic and military time, and excessive reliance on the value of its own token commitments to Southeast Asia, Australia had no choice but to embark on sweeping changes in defense expenditure and policy.

WHAT WAS NEEDED, first of all, was to put some substance behind its Southeast Asian promissory notes. In the mid-1950's Australia had sent an infantry battalion and a squadron of bombers to Malaya to help quell the Communist insurgency, which, though it never reached anything like the proportions of the Vietnam war, once came perilously close to victory. After Malaya had gained its independence and the insurgency ended, the now reinforced Australians stayed on as part of the Commonwealth Strategic Reserve in Southeast Asia, under the British-Malaysian agreement on external defense and mutual assistance.

Time and a succession of crises saw Australia's military flags scattered over Southeast Asia. By the fall of 1964, in addition to its reinforced infantry battalions and squadrons of Canberra bombers and Sabre jets in Malaya, Australia had a Sabre squadron in northeastern Thailand, eighty-three military instructors and a Caribou squadron in Vietnam, army engineers in Malaysian Borneo, and two destroyers or frigates in constant duty in Southeast Asian waters.

All this suggested a capability and an intention to reinforce that simply did not exist. The goods were all in the shop window. In the event of a showdown Australia had the resources to put into the field and to maintain no more than its reinforced infantry battalion in Malaya and one specially organized battalion group, trained for jungle warfare—about 4,500 men in all.

Defense has never been one of Menzies's strong points. He has been politically wounded by criticism that he resigned his army commission rather than fight in the First World War, and his service chiefs and others have not found it easy to persuade him that unless Australia is prepared to put up militarily, it might as well shut up diplomatically. His measuring rod was industrial capacity, not army divisions, and it took a remarkable exchange between Barwick and Sukarno to convince him that others thought differently. Seeking to impress Sukarno, Barwick told him that Australia, with one-tenth of Indonesia's population, developed nine times Indonesia's electric power. "So what?" commented Sukarno, who is accustomed to counting his assets in divisions, not kilowatts.

The Malaysian Dilemma

Menzies had hoped to avoid the restraints on industrial development and expansion that a costly defense buildup entailed. He tried to persuade Sukarno that it was in his best interests to accept Malaysia as a bastion against Chinese influence in Southeast Asia; at the same time he moved with the greatest care and caution to meet Australia's promises to help Malaysia defend itself against Indonesian confrontation should his advice be rejected in Djakarta. This caution was not always appreciated in London. Time and again, Canberra rejected urgent and insistent

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representations from London that the Australian infantry battalion should be moved from its base near Malacca in Malaya to reinforce the hard-pressed British, Gurkha, and Malaysian battalions in Borneo. As late as September, when British Conservative "hawks" wanted to sail the aircraft carrier *Victorious* through the Sunda Strait between Java and Sumatra in defiance of Indonesian threats to sink her, Australia's "doves" voiced what amounted to a veto. In consequence, Anglo-Australian diplomatic relations deteriorated to such a point that British diplomats and service attachés in Djakarta not only concealed incoming messages about the carrier's movements from their Australian colleagues (on whom they were heavily dependent for information from Indonesian sources) but even misled them. The Australians were equally uncommunicative. Indonesia banned overflights of Australian military aircraft across its territory and the wide-open spaces above its inland seas, thereby cutting off Australian fighter squadrons in Malaya and Thailand from air reinforcement and forcing transport planes to make long and difficult detours. Yet for many weeks this remained a tightly kept Australian military secret.

Not all of this seeming prudence can be put down to parsimony in defense budgeting or to a wish to avoid trouble with Indonesia. Article 5 of the ANZUS Treaty would involve the United States in the event of a serious collision between Australian and Indonesian forces. If it was going to be dragged into the Malaysian mess, Washington expected to be consulted on every Australian move and put a careful ceiling on Australian expectations.

Even in November, after Canberra had announced its new defense program and Indonesia was being incautiously named by political leaders, including Menzies, as the cause, the Australian embassy in Djakarta continued to maintain its dialogue with Sukarno and Foreign Minister Subandrio, explaining carefully that what Australia was doing arose not from hostility to Indonesia but from Commonwealth bonds with Malaysia and its fear of China.

Though the dialogue sometimes had overtones of insanity (for instance, Sukarno humorously remarked to the vacationing Australian ambassador, Keith Shann, that he would order youth groups to burn down the embassy if the envoy was not back at his post by January 21), Indonesians accepted the hardening Australian attitude with resignation. While the Indonesian press denounced Menzies as a British colo-

nial stooge, there were no organized anti-Australian demonstrations, no burning of Australian books. Even the small-scale Australian naval engagements off Singapore with would-be Indonesian infiltrators and the use on one occasion of Australian troops to round up armed Indonesians who had succeeded in landing in Malaya aroused little response.

But the recent decision to send the Australian infantry battalion from Malaya to Sarawak, and to add to it the sharp striking arm of a company of commandos, was another matter. "How can Indonesia be friendly with Australia if Australia is openly conducting a hostile policy?" asked Dr. Ali Sastroamidjojo, leader of the Indonesian Nationalist Party.

Australians were asking themselves the same question in reverse as Indonesia withdrew from the United Nations and Dr. Subandrio flew off to Peking to enter into a *de facto* alliance with Communist China, designed, as he put it, for the "annihilation of imperialism in Southeast Asia—that is, imperialism headed by the United States and Britain." With a buildup of fifteen battalions along the Malaysian border in Borneo, Indonesia seemed ready to back its words with action. Its battalions there heavily outnumber the British and Malaysian forces, and are enough perhaps to overrun Sarawak. To do so would precipitate a second Southeast Asian war in which the United States would, through its ANZUS commitments, inevitably be involved.

But on the assumption that the United States needs an ally in the South Pacific capable of making more than a token contribution to the common effort and to its own defense, what is happening in Australia now should cause more satisfaction than concern in Washington.

The fires were still burning in Dong Hoi after the first American carrier-based attack against North Vietnam on February 7 when External Affairs Minister Paul Hasluck announced the Australian government's unqualified support for Washington's action. "It will hearten the free countries of Asia to see this evidence of the continued determination of the United States to assist free peoples to defend their freedom and to maintain their independence," he said.

The Buildup Begins

The criticism, more than justified in the past, that Australia was using ANZUS as a convenience is rapidly losing its validity. Between January 25 and February 8, Australia's ninety thousand twenty-year-olds registered for an unprecedented two years of peacetime service. The first intake of 1,350 will begin training on July 1 and another group will enter camp on October 1. Quarterly intakes of 1,725 will follow, and the size of the regular army will increase from its present figure of 22,750 to 37,500 by the end of next year. While the numbers actually listed for call-up are small, the system will provide a nucleus of junior officers and noncommissioned officers that could cope with a much larger flow of trainees if the situation in Southeast Asia should deteriorate rapidly. More significantly, national servicemen may be required to serve anywhere, thus ending the Australian tradition that military service abroad should be on a voluntary basis.

Assuming that the army does not have to launch a crash program of expansion, it will now have six regular battalions instead of four. The Special Air Service Regiment will

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be doubled and the Pacific Islands Regiment, with responsibilities in New Guinea, will increase from one thousand to 3,500. The aircraft carrier *Melbourne* is to be refitted and modernized for anti-submarine service. The Navy's two *Daring*-class destroyers will also be modernized and equipped with an anti-submarine weapons systems.

Unfortunately, the refitting of the *Melbourne* will take her out of commission for several years, and, as the Sydney *Morning Herald* put it, "virtually relegates the Navy to a coast defense role, helpless against the scale of surface attack the Indonesian Navy could launch, helpless against the modern aircraft of the Indonesian Air Force." At least three years will also elapse before the air force is fully converted to the supersonic age with a hundred Mirage III fighters and twenty-four TFX strike-reconnaissance aircraft. In the interim, the Canberra bombers and the Sabre jets will remain sitting ducks if they ever run into Indonesia's MIG-21s.

YET on all sides there is a consciousness that the new defense effort is, and must be, merely a beginning. There is deep and penetrating discussion of the measures needed to defend New Guinea in case it becomes the target of a Chinese or Indonesian "war of national liberation"; the army has produced a textbook on counter-revolutionary warfare. If long-range estimates of the prospects in Southeast Asia tend to be dismal, there is at least a vigorous and complementary effort to think regional problems through, even to "unthinkable" outcomes, while serious and realistic plans are made to cope with them.

Indonesia's claim that two hundred of its scientists will produce an atomic bomb by October of this year was greeted with skepticism. The Indonesian capacity to acquire or even develop nuclear weapons at some time in the reasonably near future is not shrugged off, however. Dr. Subandrio's remark to Richard Casey, then minister for external affairs, is recalled with misgivings. "I tell you, Mr. Casey," said Subandrio, seizing the surprised official by the lapels, "if President Sukarno invites the Russians to establish a missile base in Java, your security will be finished forever."

One encouraging factor in the current situation, as Canberra sees it, is the Wilson government's unexpected sense of realism in Far East defense matters. Fears last October that Labour would prove weak in the face of Indonesian confrontation have proved groundless. The impulsive hawkmanship of the Conservative Colonial Secretary Duncan Sandys, who wanted to teach the beggars a lesson without regard for the consequences, has given way to solid government backing for a Malaysian defense based on the most substantial British buildup in the Far East since the Second World War. Britain now has the deployed capacity not merely to give Indonesia a bloody nose but to provide defense in depth, at least for Singapore and Malaya.

Again, instead of scrapping Britain's independent V-bomber deterrent—another widely expected move—Wilson reacted to the threat of nuclear proliferation in Asia by announcing his decision to station a substantial V-bomber force east of Suez. While this move is intended primarily to reassure India that nuclear protection will be available against Chinese Communist attack, Australia is also an immediate and direct beneficiary.

Whether Britain and the United States regard Australia as a defense asset or liability remains a nagging question, however, in the minds of Australian strategists. An affirmative today might become a negative tomorrow. Australia is stable but exposed. It has been a main base before and it could become one again. Yet for a very long time to come, its conventional defense efforts are likely to fall short of its needs, and in spite of the closest relations with Britain and the United States, major differences of opinion on what constitute life-and-death issues are apt to arise.

Coming of Age

A year ago, anyone publicly advocating an independent Australian nuclear deterrent would have been dismissed as a crackpot. The Australian government shared the American and British view that the spread of nuclear weapons was highly undesirable. But faced now with Chinese and Indonesian nuclear ambitions and belligerent foreign policies, and given the geographic isolation of the country from its major allies, what is Australia to do? To refrain unilaterally from taking all measures necessary to ensure the most effective defense possible may well be, in present circumstances, a matter of national suicide.

Professor E. W. Titterton, professor of nuclear physics at the Australian National University, was the first to advocate a review of Australian nuclear policy. He sees the development of two groups of nuclear powers—the big league headed by the United States and the Soviet Union, with Britain as a member and France and China aspiring members, and a second league of nations that feel it essential for their own security to have a relatively small number of nuclear weapons directly under their control.

The debate has begun and is growing, with surprisingly few voices raised in dissent. It is accepted as unlikely that either Britain or the United States would ever give Australia nuclear weapons, or even assist in their production in Australia. It is improbable that either would accept joint control if strategic missiles were based in Australia. Even if they were prepared to accept such a partnership, however, the limitation, from the Australian point of view, would be self-defeating. Australia might feel justified in using nuclear missiles to prevent even a conventional Asian attack against its shores. But what might legitimately be considered vital by Canberra could well be regarded as of purely secondary importance in Washington or Whitehall.

This is not to suggest that an Australian de Gaulle is about to appear on the scene, though it seems easier in the Australian context to understand the reasons behind de Gaulle's *force de frappe*. Earnest consideration of such problems is simply part of the process of coming of age. It may, and probably will, mean headaches for Washington, but these will no longer be caused by an ally unprepared to accept a reasonable share in the burden of defending its own front line.

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How Strong Is China's Army?

JERRY A. ROSE

HONG KONG

THERE ARE many who agree with Maxwell D. Taylor, U.S. ambassador to South Vietnam, that "Communist China is the long-range problem which the western world must eventually face." And, as Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara told the House Armed Services Committee on February 18, the Chinese determination to produce modern weapons, including missiles with thermonuclear warheads, presents a "disturbing long-term prospect." But how strong are the Chinese now? Could the United States and its allies, with their sophisticated weaponry and nuclear arsenal, defeat the Red Chinese military machine?

Known collectively as the People's Liberation Army (PLA), the Chinese Communist armed forces consist of 2.8 million men, including a navy of 150,000 men and an air force of 250,000. There is also a militia of undetermined size and a People's Armed Police of half a million. Sheer numbers alone would seem to make China's military organization a formidable opponent. However, the quality of armaments and personnel is of consummate importance in modern warfare, and here the Chinese Communists show several weaknesses.

Although China's air force is one of the largest in the world, 1,600 of its 2,600 planes are old MIG-15s and -17s. More impressive are the sixty to eighty supersonic MIG-19s, and some up-to-date MIG-21s that have been spotted; the remaining planes are light and medium bombers, four hundred of which are supersonic. In the 1958 air battles over the Formosa Strait, Nationalist Chinese pilots outfought their mainland counterparts at a ratio of sixteen kills to one. The disproportion is understandable: fuel is short in Red China, and jet pilots fly only eight to ten hours a month.

China's navy consists mainly of submarines and coastal-patrol boats. Its fleet of submarines includes about twenty long-distance craft with a radius of sixteen thousand miles. These subs may carry missiles with a range of 250 to 400 miles. Otherwise the navy is a purely defensive arm and not a very strong one at that.

The Lessons of Korea

The army, then, is the PLA's main fighting force. It has been tested twice since the end of the civil war in 1949. The first trial came in Korea, when China suffered almost a million casualties and its leaders began to remold the country's military thinking. The Chinese generals learned that no matter how large a force was put into combat, it could not overwhelm the devastating firepower of a modern field army. Moreover, they discovered, a human wave required a sea of operating factors to keep it rolling. It needed officers in the front and artillery to the rear; above all it needed logistical support. The PLA had little or none of this in Korea. It also lacked an adequate arsenal and air cover, but here the Soviets promised to help and for a time provided aid amounting to more than $2 billion. Soviet advisers also helped to restructure the armed forces. Thus in the years following the Korean War, the PLA developed from an armed horde of five million men into the regular army it is today.

Attached to most of the 160 divisions are units of artillery, armor, engineers, and signal corps. A logistics system of sorts is operative, despite occasional reliance on ox-carts. Conscription was introduced in 1955 and stabilized at 500,000 to 700,000 men annually. About seventy military schools were set up, and technical as well as officer training programs—together with regulations for promotions, responsibilities, and privileges of officers—were instituted. Today's army has about 150,000 officers, including 160 generals. One of the most significant steps toward modernization of the PLA was taken in January: the length of service of drafted personnel was generally raised by one year (infantry to four years, air force to five, navy to six), and that of technicians in the armor, engineer, artillery, and signal corps was increased from three to five years. By retaining skilled personnel for a longer tour of duty, the efficiency of the PLA has been enhanced.

CONCURRENT with modernization of the armed forces after the Korean War came the establishment of an irreversible command hierarchy. According to Mao Tse-tung, "The Army is a revolutionary tool in the party's hand," and thus at the top of the military command structure is a party organ, the Military Affairs Committee (MAC). Directly responsible to the party's central committee, the nine-member MAC is chaired ex officio by Mao himself and combines most of the functions performed in the United States by the Department of Defense and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It issues directives regarding political ideology and indoctrination, promulgates training doctrine, lays down principles of military expenditure, and

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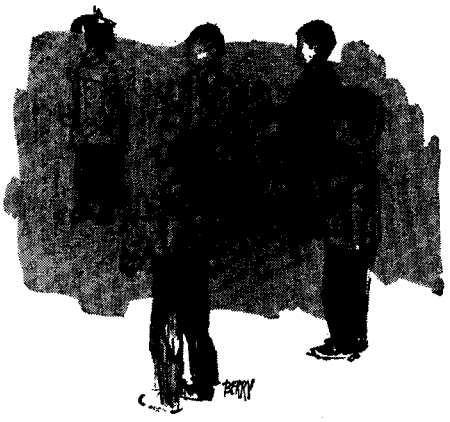
publishes orders regarding national defense construction work. Subordinate to MAC is the ministry of national defense, with its three major subordinate branches: the general staff (charged with military operations), the general rear services department (logistics), and the general political department (propaganda and indoctrination). Emanating from these major departments are numerous subdepartments and headquarters with specific responsibilities. The whole setup is modeled on the Soviet Union's command structure. During the late 1950's the Chinese military readily accepted Soviet advice and weapons. But after 1960, the Sino-Soviet split forced China into an emergency reappraisal of its military apparatus.

The Chinese munitions industry is now able to meet most of the requirements of its infantry. It produces Soviet-prototype rifles, submachine guns and "burp" guns, light and heavy machine guns, light and medium mortars, 90-mm. rocket launchers, 57-mm. and 75-mm. recoilless rifles, and light and medium artillery. Chinese engineers have shown ingenuity by manufacturing, for example, an 82-mm. mortar that will fire the slightly smaller ammunition designed for the American-made 81-mm. mortar—a great convenience to "liberation armies," such as the Vietcong, that use captured U.S. matériel. However, tank production is confined to the obsolete T-34, and shortages exist in heavy and self-propelled artillery, trucks and other military vehicles, and heavy engineering equipment. Chinese electronic technology is rated at about the level achieved by the West in 1942. Plane production also poses difficulties. The Chinese apparently are producing the old MIG-15s and -17s, but opinion varies as to whether they are capable of manufacturing the MIG-19 and -21; the Chinese appear to flounder when it comes to mass-producing the sophisticated elements that go into a modern jet. Reportedly much cannibilization is necessary to keep the air force flying. Fuel production, though still a problem, is being rapidly expanded.

Opinion also differs as to just how far and how rapidly the Chinese have progressed in developing a mis-



sile-delivery system. Recent reports indicate that Chinese scientists are concentrating on missiles with ranges of five hundred to a thousand miles—which would put them within striking distance of numerous strategic American bases. Okinawa, for example, is only five hundred miles from China's coast. The significance of China's missile development, however, lies in the evolution of its nuclear capabilities. Last October Peking exploded its first nuclear device, and a second device may be exploded at any moment. Western physicists estimate that China will be producing one A-bomb a month—and possibly an H-bomb —by next year. But China's method of expanding its influence has always been geared to militant political and psychological effects. Thus possession of a nuclear device or even an atomic bomb is at present less important as a weapon than for the political prestige it offers and the pall of anxiety that it will cast over its Southeast Asian neighbors.

'The Real Iron Bastion'

While China bombards the world with propaganda and foments the insurgencies of "armies of liberation," only once since the Korean War has it exported its own military machine. In 1962 the PLA fought and defeated the Indian Army in the Himalayas. Though the Indian Army was so weak as to be hardly a fair test of strength, the PLA nevertheless revealed how much its military co-ordination and discipline had improved since the chaotic days of the Korean War. However, having no desire to bog down in prolonged conventional war which would risk the involvement of the great powers, the Chinese withdrew. In pursuit of their objectives abroad, the Red Chinese prefer to encourage insurrection and "wars of national liberation." At home, they embarked on the creation of what they have called a "spiritual atomic bomb."

Mao Tse-tung has frequently stated the axiom that underlies his doctrine of defense: "What is a true bastion of iron? It is the masses, the millions upon millions of people who genuinely and sincerely support the revolution. This is the real iron bastion which no force can smash."

To implement this theory, an intensive campaign to make "Everyone a Soldier" was initiated as part of the Great Leap Forward in August, 1958. Like the Great Leap itself, it started with a burst of enthusiasm. The labor force and the armed forces were mixed together into an amorphous swarm. At the peak of the program, the uniformed men of the PLA spent sixty million workdays at construction, industrial, and agricultural tasks, while the civilian armed militia had grown to an unwieldy two hundred and twenty million men and women. But "Everyone a Soldier" foundered in the planning stage and soon collapsed in disarray.

Among the ranking Chinese military officers who opposed the "Everyone a Soldier" project was Marshal P'eng Te'Huai, then minister of defense, head of the military affairs committee, and member of the Politburo. P'eng and his followers advocated professional, well-equipped armed forces whose responsibilities were clearly distinct from the economic sector. They were admonished with Mao's words: "Weapons are the main, but not the decisive, factor in a war; the decisive factor is men, not materials." Then, in a precedent-making confrontation between the military and the Communist Party in China, Marshal P'eng and his disciples were ousted in September, 1959. P'eng was accused of resisting the party's will and of listening to the Soviets—which he undoubtedly did. Marshal Lin Piao, the former commander of the Chinese troops in Korea, became the new minister of defense and *de facto* chairman of the Military Affairs Committee. He follows Mao's military maxims with absolute fidelity.

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But the failure of the "Everyone a Soldier" experiment proved the wisdom of P'eng's views, many of which were adopted, although he himself was not reinstated. The PLA has become a more professional organization with a higher technical proficiency, and the soldiers' manual labor has been reduced to about six million workdays annually. Even so, the PLA still grows a portion of the food it consumes, manufactures its own uniforms, including shoes, and builds its own barracks. At the same time, the PLA has become a testing ground in the creation of a new military spirit.

"The spiritual atomic bomb," observed Marshal Lin Piao, "that is, men's ideological consciousness and courage, is much more powerful and useful than the material atomic bomb." Chiefly responsible for implementing this doctrine is the political or party cadre, which functions at every stratum of society. In the PLA, political commissars are entrenched from the top MAC down to the company level; cadre men who are party members work with platoons and squads. Every trick of mass psychology is used: self-criticism sessions to bare the soul; explanations of why this or that must be done and why it is right; moral tales recollecting the bitter past as compared to the sweetness of the present (old peasant farmers are frequently brought forth to recount the abuses of the rich landlords, and their stories often work the soldiers into a hysterical anger); "emulation" campaigns to imitate inspirational heroes ("Salesgirl Lung Yung-fang of the Central Department Store . . . showed consistent obedience to the party, diligently studied the writings of Chairman Mao, and achieved unusual results in ordinary work"); slogans—adhere to the "Four Firsts" ("human factor first, political work first, ideological work first, and living thought first"); hate, fear, and chauvinism—"U.S. aggressors must once again be reminded that whether they dispatch planes, warships, or nuclear submarines carrying guided missiles, any of their military threats will not frighten the great Chinese people."

Since last June, a co-ordinated campaign has taken place to raise the quality and to some extent the size of the militia, which was drastically reduced in 1959. All youths not drafted by the PLA automatically become militia members (male students in technical schools and colleges, bank employees, railway workers, etc.); so do all demobilized servicemen. The indoctrination used in the PLA is also applied to the militia, often by PLA men.

To OVERLOOK the impact of this psychological and political indoctrination is to underrate the total power of China's military strength. The militia alone would constitute an extremely agile foe. Mobility, hit-and-run tactics, and self-sufficiency are emphasized in the militiaman's training. The militia is also being trained for myriad logistic units such as auto-repair companies, cook squads, and wire-repair teams. The PLA itself also emphasizes mobility—a number of regular army units have been established in which a third of the men are armed with light automatic weapons requiring a daily logistic support of only forty to eighty tons, compared to the minimum requirement for a comparable U.S. unit of two hundred to six hundred tons daily. Still, the PLA will generally function as a regular army prepared to engage in conventional warfare when necessary or advantageous.

The defensive strategy of China is based on the concept of a "protracted" war. According to one expert, the militia would form the front line to oppose the invaders on the ground with hit-and-run guerrilla tactics. The PLA would slowly withdraw toward the northwestern mountains, thus enticing the enemy inland where it would become bogged down and vulnerable like Hitler's troops in Russia. The Chinese have reportedly established hangars in the sides of these northwestern mountains and a number of subterranean munition dumps and munitions works. Such measures are feeble defense against nuclear attack. But then, the Chinese have never claimed they could fend off an aerial assault.

There is no question that the United States has the power to devastate China. Devastation, however, does not mean defeat, and this is central to any long-term calculation of U.S. strategy in the Far East.

The Coup Is Dead, Long Live the Coup!

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

THERE WAS a deep note of anguish in Premier Phan Huy Quat's proclamation announcing the end of the attempted *coup d'état* on February 20. "Our national honor has been hurt, our people's prestige in the eyes of the world has been affected, and our fighting spirit has been held up to scorn," he said. But worse was yet to come, and the unfortunate Quat found himself required to play a part in it.

As the Armed Forces Council assembled at the high command headquarters that afternoon to meet the press, the burning question was not the whereabouts of the coup leaders —General Lam Van Phat and Colonel Pham Ngoc Thao, who had turned over their pistols, embraced their government "captors," and were driven off cheerfully to make their unhindered escape—but the future of the man the "rebels" had sworn to overthrow. General Nguyen Khanh, commander in chief of the armed forces, who, for all his shortcomings and the bitterness of his quarrel with U.S. Ambassador Maxwell D. Taylor, was still the outstanding figure in South Vietnam.

As tanks and troops loyal to the high command moved on Tan Son Nhut Airport outside Saigon to persuade the rebel leaders to pack up and go, Khanh found himself without a single important supporter. At a meeting at Bien Hoa Airbase on the morning of February 20, the

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Armed Forces Council had taken advantage of his absence—he was not notified of the meeting—to move a unanimous vote of no confidence in their commander in chief. The coup was dead. Long live the coup!

Little Minh, What Now?

As if to signal in advance a new struggle for power, the Armed Forces Council chose as Khanh's successor Major General Tran Van Minh, better known as "Little Minh," the mild, little-known chief of staff of the army. His appointment was temporary in both name and intention. The "Young Turks" in whom the real authority now rested still lacked the necessary rank and prestige to fill the top post, and the choice was narrowed to the four remaining major generals on the list depleted by earlier *coups d'état*. The apolitical and unambitious Little Minh, a Catholic with a reputation for getting along with Buddhists, was the obvious interim choice.

Even so, Minh is only a front. The young generals in effect have taken over the armed forces. Foremost among them is the brash and ambitious Brigadier General Nguyen Chanh Thi, who left his First Corps in embattled central Vietnam to lead the anti-Khanh "Liberation Forces" in Saigon. His fellow dissidents are Air Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky, the capable but excitable chief of the air force; Brigadier General Nguyen Huu Co, who has a good reputation as commander of the Second Corps; and Brigadier General Le Nguyen Khang, commanding the marines.

These last three appear to have no political ambitions. General Thi, however, suffers from no such inhibitions. He commanded Emperor Bao Dai's imperial guard against Ngo Dinh Diem in the struggle for power in Saigon a decade ago, then switched to become one of Diem's most loyal supporters and "adopted" son. By 1960, Thi had switched again. He led an abortive coup and fled to Cambodia, where he stayed until Diem's assassination. As commander of the First Corps he proved himself tough, talkative, and unpredictable. Once when a curfew was ignored, he arrested Vietnamese and Americans alike to assert his authority.

Ever since the end of the Diem régime, Thi has fretted that new administrations have been ineptly led and that corruption has grown worse. He was contemptuous of the first military junta led by General Duong Van Minh ("Big Minh"). Later, after the fall of the Huong government, he circulated a private letter denouncing Khanh. "The problem in this country is not to please Catholics or Buddhists, schoolboys or students," he said. "The problem is to carry out the revolution and be true revolutionaries."

What this means is far from clear. Though Thi is a fiery public speaker and has a large devoted following among the students of his native central Vietnam, it is easier to establish what he is against than what he may be for. At times he has appeared to have questionable affiliations with the controversial Buddhist leader Thich Tri Quang and his political ally, Dr. Le Khac Quyen, who is widely believed to have links with the Vietcong. Those who know Thi well, however, have no such apprehensions. "He fears Tri Quang and hates Quyen," a leading lay Buddhist told me. He professes to be against the remnant elements of Ngo Dinh Nhu's secret Can Lao party. There have been rumors that Madame Nhu was behind the Phat-Thao coup, and some observers fear that this could lead to a new Can Lao witch hunt. It has even been suggested that the abortive Phat-Thao coup was a carefully staged diversion by the young officers to pave the way for their own takeover.

Thi promises an anti-corruption campaign and has singled out several former cabinet ministers as targets. But first and foremost, it is clear that he sees himself as a future premier. This is not surprising in a land where every ambitious young soldier now seems to carry a premier's dispatch box in his knapsack, but it threatens further blows against what remains of the unity of the anti-Communist forces.

The struggle for power goes on and on, and it is now conducted on a level that rips to shreds any remnants of national dignity in South Vietnam. Certainly nothing has ever happened in this tragic land to match the buffoonery of the night of February 21, when a rump group of the Armed Forces Council, led by young officers who had just ousted the absent Khanh by a minority vote (with the signatures of the chief of state and of Premier Quat to back their deed), settled in at the Saigon airport like a group of excited schoolboys to wait Khanh's response.

Khanh, who began his military career in the air force, flew his own plane from Cap Saint-Jacques to Nha Trang, where the commander of the Twenty-third Division had orders to arrest him. Alerted to what lay in store, Khanh circled Nha Trang and flew to the mountain resort of Dalat.

There he fought his war by phone, warning his rebellious subordinates that there would be a strong reaction unless they would agree to vote only after he had addressed a meeting of the Armed Forces Council. Well aware of Khanh's powers of persuasion, the generals did not agree. Before dawn, it was obvious that Khanh had failed to rally the armed support he had hoped for. The maneuvering went on and Saigon continued to make bets on the outcome of what had become a squalid wrestling match. He who wins by *coup d'état* must also expect to fall by *coup d'état,* but the game has become such fun that no one expects to get hurt. Men like General Phat get a chance to try and try again, while the war and its high stakes are forgotten.

In the months that have passed since Diem fell to an assassin's bullet in the coup of November, 1963, almost every leading Vietnamese general has aspired to political power and has been cast aside. Minh, Don, Kim, Xuan, Duc, Khiem have all passed temporarily or permanently from the military scene, but no one has learned the lesson. Now four young generals have signed a formal agreement among themselves, but already there are stories that Ky is not really sure of Thi or Thi of Ky, and that Tran Thien Khiem, a lieutenant general like Khanh, will abandon his embassy in Washington and return to confound them all. Two coups in one weekend are enough to sap the morale of any country. At this rate, the young generals may end up doing the Communists' job for them.

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No More Pork Barrel: The Appalachia Approach

JERALD TER HORST

IF IMITATION is the sincerest form of flattery, then the Appalachia redevelopment program may indeed be the forerunner of a new era in Federal public-works spending. Similar programs are already being proposed for the Ozarks, the New England States, and the Upper Great Lakes area, each fashioned in the belief that the gateway to the Great Society is through regional concentration of Federal money instead of scattershot spending in the fifty states.

In its purest form, the 1965 Appalachia proposal would mean that the states and counties actually could tell Washington where and how to spend Federal tax dollars to achieve the economic and social uplift of a particular region. Ordinarily this alone would engender stiff opposition in Congress. But the eleven-state Appalachia concept dares to go several steps further. Federal money would go primarily to a region, not directly to impoverished people. It would not necessarily go to the neediest towns and counties, either, but to those with the greatest potential for economic growth. And the benefits, assuming that the program is successful, would not be immediately translatable into votes.

The Governors' Idea

This tradition-shattering concept did not originate in Washington. It was the collective idea of a group of governors who began meeting periodically in the late 1950's in an effort to seek solutions to the common economic blight affecting many areas of their states. By May 20, 1960, the consultations had reached the point where the group, meeting in Annapolis, Maryland, formally created the Conference of Appalachian Governors. The following October, meeting in Lexington, Kentucky, the conference gave birth to "a special regional program of development" that envisaged a combined attack on their problems through the resources of the local, state, and Federal governments, and the assistance of private industry, civic groups, and philanthropic foundations. At the meeting were the governors of Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Maryland, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Virginia, and West Virginia. Joined later by Ohio and South Carolina, the group represents that portion of the Appalachian Mountains ranging from northern Pennsylvania into southern Alabama, an area largely bypassed by the tremendous economic changes at work in the rest of the country since the Second World War.

In 1963, the Appalachia governors prevailed on President Kennedy to create the Appalachian Regional Commission to analyze the needs of the region and develop a co-ordinated plan for attempting some permanent cures of their chronic problems. Represented on the commission were the states and all the Federal agencies involved in such aid programs as highways, hospitals, public health, education, timber, crops, livestock, manpower retraining, mining, flood control and stream pollution, wildlife, and recreation. Under its chairman, Under Secretary of Commerce Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., the commission toured Appalachia twice and discussed the region's needs with public and private experts in the various states. Its report last spring to President Johnson set the stage for an unusual concerted program of economic-resource development by the cities, counties, and states and the Federal government.

The various subregions of Appalachia, the commission said, share this unhappy distinction: "Rural Appalachia lags behind rural America, urban Appalachia lags behind urban America, and metropolitan Appalachia lags behind metropolitan America." It found, for example, that one-third of Appalachia's families earn less than $3,000 annually; two-thirds of its people do not finish school; unemployment is half again the national average, and out-migration is at the high rate of 200,000 persons a year. "The most serious problems which beset Appalachia are low income, high unemployment, lack of urbanization, low educational achievement, and a comparatively low standard of living."

Breaking New Ground

At first glance, the 1965 Appalachia program appears to be the usual grab bag of projects—new roads, soil improvement and erosion control, timber development, hospitals and treatment centers, vocational-education, sewage-treatment works, strip-mine reclamation, fish and wildlife projects—all intended to help Appalachia catch up with the rest of the nation.

But closer examination discloses that the Appalachia planners have broken new ground in the formulation and management of public-works spending. For the first time, the Federal government would delegate a major share of the decision-making to the participating states. The master plan for economic rehabilitation would be devised by the states or groups of counties in a multistate area with contiguous land and common problems.

While the actual operation of aid projects would be under the appropriate Federal agencies, the supervision and co-ordination of the whole Appalachia program would be vested in the Appalachian Regional Commission, to consist of the governor of each participating state, or his designee, and one Federal representative named by the President. Decisions would be made by a majority vote of the state members, plus the affirmative vote of the Federal representative, who would, in effect, have a veto over proposals by the state members of the commission. But the veto could be substantially limited, since a majority of state members could counter any move toward Federal "dictation" by withholding their votes.

This check-and-balance formula

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represents a major shift in bureaucratic thinking in Washington. It has inspired heated debate inside the administration and in Congress. Veteran agency heads still question the wisdom of letting states have such a large share of the decision-making process when most of the money comes from Federal revenue.

Congress has also been historically reluctant to appropriate money without a certain supervision over the decision-makers. This it can do most easily when funds are expended by Federal agencies—even to the extent of cranking into a program a few pet projects of a committee chairman and influential lawmakers. It is a precept of pork-barrel doctrine that a congressman and his constituents have a right to expect certain Federal benefits for their district to flow from his membership on key committees. Thus it comes as a minor miracle to find that both Federal bureaucrats and members of Congress seem willing to relinquish some of their authority in order to give the Appalachia program a trial.

One of the surprise converts is the Bureau of the Budget, known best as the "No" agency of government. "To be honest, this is a new venture," conceded Charles L. Schultze, until recently an assistant Budget Bureau director. "We are doing something different. While not saying it is experimental, we think it is an exceedingly interesting approach. We are going to have to work our way through this."

In his testimony before the House Public Works Committee, Schultze described the proposed Appalachia concept of multistate planning under Federal supervision as "a nice balance" of authority. Still to be tested, however, is just how the states will exercise their new license to tell Washington where to send Federal dollars. What's likely to happen, according to Senator Jennings Randolph, the West Virginia Democrat who steered the bill through the Senate, is that most of the hard bargaining will be done outside the commission's chambers. An Appalachia planner agreed. "We'll work it out informally before we take something in for a vote—just like they do in Congress."

The basis for this hope lies in the considerable give-and-take among the Appalachia governors and the Federal representatives in working out the terms of the legislation. For example, Georgia, North Carolina, and Maryland, because their needs are not so great, have consented to a smaller allocation of primary highway corridor mileage than is intended for West Virginia and Pennsylvania. Similarly, the governors of South Carolina and Alabama have agreed to take a smaller share of development highway money because their Appalachia counties will be adequately served by the Federal interstate highway program.

The spirit of compromise was equally apparent in Congress. The administration and Capitol Hill Democrats consented to a proposal by Senator Jacob K. Javits (R., New

York) that no program for Appalachia should be implemented until the Appalachia commission had consulted with appropriate state officials and received their recommendations. The acid test, however, will come when individual lawmakers make their customary demands on Federal agencies for inclusion of projects dear to their constituents.

Leading from Strength

Another radical departure from tradition is the Appalachia concept of skipping the customary "means test" to determine which areas will be helped. The Area Redevelopment program, for example, uses specific criteria for establishing eligibility for Federal aid. A county must have a certain rate of unemployment in order to qualify for job-creating projects. But the Appalachia approach relies on "regional growth potential," a theory that economic uplift should be concentrated on certain cities or counties that have prospered in spite of Appalachia's general distress.

There is a hint of economic predestination here; the belief that many economically weak towns and counties do not have the potential to become thriving, prosperous centers of population. Instead, Appalachia planners believe that the economically strong places should be strengthened to support the weaker surrounding areas. One example is Huntsville, Alabama, with its space-industry complex and college environment in the midst of a depressed area. "Instead of trying to build up the area to compete with Huntsville, we should try to find ways of helping the rest of the region become auxiliary to Huntsville," one planner explained. "This could be done by improving the road network, providing sewer and water facilities for residential expansion, perhaps improving farm production and recreational opportunities in some sectors of the region."

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, is considered another center for regional growth potential that could attract more industries and commerce and provide new job opportunities through co-ordinated planning designed to increase the "social overhead capital" needed for area self-sufficiency. In all, there are probably fifty such core cities or counties in the 360 counties included in the Appalachia region.

One of the continuing controversies in the Appalachia program is its heavy emphasis on roadbuilding. About one thousand miles will be "local access" roads, intended primarily to link Appalachia's almost inaccessible valleys with nearby cities and towns. Another 2,350 miles would be designated as "development highways," linking core cities with each other and with areas outside Appalachia.

"There's been a sort of liberal versus pragmatist debate on this thing," said John L. Sweeney, the able young administrator the President chose as chairman of the Federal Development Planning Committee for Appalachia. "Most

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programs of economic help in the past have been based on the theory that a man has a right to a job where he lives and that government should help bring him that job. The Appalachia approach is that a man has a right to a job, but it is reasonable to expect him to be willing to commute to it or move to it if necessary."

Using a mile-a-minute yardstick, Appalachia planners think it logical to expect people to travel forty minutes to reach their places of employment, a vocational school, or even a hospital. Thus a core-city plan will encompass an area extending as far as forty miles from the center, crossing county and state boundaries when necessary.

Roads or Education?

Not all economic and social planners agree, however, with the priority on roads. Doubts about its importance were heard at the American Institute of Planners conference in Newark, New Jersey, last year. One said he wished he could be "czar" of the Appalachia program just long enough to scrap the highway priority. Others said education should get first priority. An earlier Ford Foundation study concluded that the unemployed and unskilled coal and steel workers in Appalachia "must be written off so far as any major economic contribution is concerned." It advocated massive Federal aid to education, increased out-migration, and birth control.

The Appalachia rebuttal is both intriguing and indignant. "If we are going to be politically realistic about the Appalachia program, it is necessary to design a program that mirrors the political realities of the states involved," said Stuart F. Feldman, top staff aide for the Appalachia Development Committee. And the political realities are that the governors, senators, and representatives of the Appalachia states wanted a priority on roads—and so did the planning experts for the committee.

"From the point of view of public policy," Feldman told the planners' conference, "it is evident that Appalachia is an ongoing region whose 167,000 square miles, numerous metropolitan areas, and population of over sixteen million people represent a resource and an investment this nation cannot abandon through policies that encourage an out-migration of the able."

There is both historic and contemporary justification for the road priority. Appalachia once had been opened by the railroads, which came to fetch the coal for the steel mills and electric-power generation. But automation has hit each of the region's big three—coal, steel, and the railroads—throwing thousands upon thousands of men and their sons out of manual-labor jobs. Oil and natural gas became victorious competitors of coal for the fuel market; even the coal-burning locomotives gave way to diesels. In the old days, rail spurs ran back into almost every Appalachia hollow to reach the mines; because they were not built for private gain, roads seldom followed. There are still hamlets whose only connection with the outside world is over the abandoned rail roadbeds.

The Federal interstate highway system has helped to open Appalachia. But states and communities with a low tax base haven't been able to raise extra funds for the auxiliary highways and local access roads. In mountainous areas of West Virginia, for example, Appalachia planners note that it costs $2 million a mile to construct a two-lane paved highway. Moreover, Appalachia needs road money not so much to accommodate existing traffic as to stimulate new traffic.

Surprisingly, the press has been rather uncritical in reporting that seventy-six per cent, or $840 million, of the Appalachia program's $1.1-billion price tag is for roadbuilding. The road money actually is a five-year authorization; the rest of the money for other Appalachian needs covers the first two years only. Seen in perspective, then, the road ratio is not so lopsided as it appears.

THE DEBATE will be more intense over another aspect of the Appalachia program—namely, its assumption that there should be preferential treatment for an eleven-state area, as well as internal discrimination inherent in selecting one town as a growth center while bypassing another. One of Appalachia's problems is the inability of counties and cities to raise the usual local share necessary to obtain Federal matching funds for such things as airports, hospitals, vocational education facilities, libraries, and flood control. The Appalachia bill will make it possible for the Federal government to pay up to eighty per cent of the total cost in such instances, even if other regions of the country would get only fifty per cent Federal aid. Additionally, there are special supplemental funds to cover actual operating costs of hospitals for up to two years, plus a $36.5-million fund to alleviate land damage wrought by collapsed coal mines, underground fires, and acid seepage into streams. And Republicans charge gross discrimination in that the oad program "is almost as large as the annual program for construction of Federal-aid primary and secondary highways" for the entire country.

There has been, inevitably, some compromise. The bill's current dollar total is about one-third of the $3 billion in Federal money originally sought. A proposed public development corporation, to be financed by bond sales and Federal funds, had to be scrapped when it appeared to be just another back-door raid on the Treasury. Western cattle interests knocked out a $17-million program for pastureland improvement. And administration lobbyists have had to tell envious lawmakers from other areas that if they will go along with the Appalachia plan, the White House will entertain similar regional development programs for other parts of the country.

Behind it all lies a growing conviction in Congress and in the councils of a Democratic administration that pork-barreling, accelerated public-works spending, and such things as the Area Redevelopment program —generally classed as economic pump priming—have missed the mark. The past, however, has not been a complete loss, at least not in the view of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. The council has analyzed the weaknesses of these earlier programs, and all of its conclusions point toward more Appalachia-type solutions. Add a pinch of Johnsonian consensus, and the rationale is simply that states and local communities cannot do the job alone —and that the Federal government should not.

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Time Runs Out On Germany's War-Crimes Trials

DAVID L. SCHOENBAUM

BONN

WEST GERMAN Minister of Justice Ewald Bucher drew a line across his throat with his finger. "I've had it up to here," he said exasperatedly. The "it" under discussion was West Germany's twenty-year statute of limitations on murder, due to come into force on May 8. Since November, Bucher has been at the center of a heated debate over extension of the time limit on introducing new proceedings against Nazi murderers in German courts under German law. The controversy has revived anti-German emotions internationally, raised grave moral problems for the German people, divided the major parties, placed Chancellor Ludwig Erhard in conflict with his cabinet, and even risks bringing on the third major cabinet crisis in four years. To make matters worse, this is an election year, and no German politician can sidestep the issue, which in many ways reveals the complexities of politics and society in the Federal Republic more than any other question of recent years.

On November 11, by majority vote and over Erhard's opposition, the coalition cabinet agreed not to seek extension of the statute of limitations. It acted on the recommendations of Minister of Justice Bucher, who advised that an extension would probably be unconstitutional and argued that for practical purposes all possible proceedings would have been initiated by May 8. To assure the world that no effort would be spared to make this deadline, the government issued a world-wide appeal for information about any crimes still unreported.

The Bundestag Revolt

The cabinet's action did not sit well with all the members of the Bundestag. Only the right-wing Bavarian Christian Social Union (CSU) and Bucher's own Free Democratic Party (FDP), both members of the government coalition, are unequivocally on record as opposed to extension of the statute. A bloc from all four Bundestag parties, including the opposition, supports the government, but a strong group of dissenters also crosses party lines. Members of Erhard's Christian Democratic Union (CDU) and of the opposition Social Democratic Party (SPD) who agree that amnesty for unpunished Nazi murderers is unthinkable have formed an alliance to reverse the cabinet's decision. They pushed through a resolution calling upon the minister of justice to report by March 1 on the state of prosecutions to date and the availability of new evidence, with the possible end in view of calling for a constitutional amendment or of legislating an extension of the statute. It is highly unlikely, however, that Bucher's report to the Bundestag will differ from his report to the cabinet; moreover, he has threatened to leave the government if the Bundestag reverses the cabinet's decision. Should this happen, the coalition would be plunged into another crisis.

According to Bucher's figures, 5,025 Nazis were convicted by Allied tribunals in the western zones from the end of 1945, of whom 806 were sentenced to death and 485 were actually executed. German courts convicted another 5,445 between May 8, 1945, and January 1, 1964, sentencing twelve of them to death (before the termination of the death penalty in 1949 and seventy-six to life imprisonment. An estimated ten thousand were convicted by the Russians, and another thirteen thousand in East Germany—almost all of the latter before 1950 when East German practices made little distinction between "Nazi" and "class enemy."

According to the director of the Central Office for the Investigation of National Socialist Crimes in Ludwigsburg, seven hundred new cases involving ten thousand names have been filed since July 31, 1964. Irrespective of the statute of limitations, German courts will be dealing with them perhaps as late as 1970.

Beyond this, the Ministry of Justice estimates that about 150 Nazi murderers are living abroad where various foreign governments, including Egypt, Chile, Ghana, and Paraguay, have refused to extradite them. Cases are nonetheless pending against the fugitives, such as Josef Engele, once chief doctor at Auschwitz; his colleague Horst Schumann; Walter Rauff, the inventor of the gas wagon; and Heinrich Mueller, at one time Adolf Eichmann's direct superior. Martin Bormann, Hitler's adjutant, was condemned to death *in absentia* at Nuremberg. None of these men derive any benefit from the statute of limitations.

BUT UNDER the pressure of domestic legal opinion and foreign protests, the government position began to waver almost from the moment the decision was taken last November. Erhard's opposition to his cabinet's stand has twice been privately reaffirmed, first in December after the visit to Bonn of Nahum Goldmann, president of the World Jewish Congress, and again in early February after repeated protest demonstra-

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tions in New York, Washington, and elsewhere. As head of the government, Erhard cannot openly oppose the majority decision of his cabinet.

Officially, the cabinet reserved further consideration of its position pending submission of Bucher's report. The government will then face the possibility of being beaten by two-thirds of the Bundestag when the issue comes to a vote, probably sometime this month. Compounding the irony of the situation, the major initiative against the government's stand comes not from the opposition SPD but from a forty-year-old Christian Democratic deputy from Berlin named Ernst Benda, whose supporters come from both the CDU and SPD sides of the aisles. Benda, with fifty co-signatories from his own party, has presented a private bill for immediate extension of the statute to thirty years.

Must They Go Free?

Benda estimates that his mail is running about 60-40 in favor of extension. The unfavorable letters range from a few anonymous threats to a variety of legal, political, and theological arguments based on such grounds as the virtue of Christian forgiveness and the failure to prosecute persons who committed crimes against Germans during the expulsions from Eastern Europe in 1945-1946. A five-page letter supporting Benda came from a Hamburg social worker who was perplexed by the problem of explaining to adolescent delinquents why they must be locked up when mass murderers go free.

Since the introduction of Benda's bill, the SPD has prepared a similar draft of its own. While Benda reckons with the support of at least a hundred of his fellow CDU deputies, Gerhard Jahn, the author of the SPD draft, anticipates near-unanimity on his side of the aisle. Together, this means a potential majority of the 499 members of the Bundestag.

Two of the SPD-governed *Länder*, or states, Hesse and Hamburg, have also presented extension bills in the Bundesrat, West Germany's upper house. Also under consideration is a compromise move supported by former Chancellor Adenauer that would retain the twenty-year statute but have its term date from 1949, the birth year of the Federal Republic, instead of the end of Hitler's Reich in 1945.

While most foreign observers understandably favor extension, even a short list of the German opponents of extension reveals some of the complexity of the problem. Among them are Thomas Dehler, the FDP vice-president of the Bundestag; Adolf Arndt, the SPD's leading lawyer; and—with reservations—Erik Blumenfeld, leader of the CDU in Hamburg. Though belonging to different parties, Dehler, Arndt, and Blumenfeld share the common experience of political and "racial" persecution during the Third Reich. Despite—or perhaps because of—this background, they oppose extension on legal grounds. They cite Article 103, paragraph 2, of the West German constitution: "A deed can be punished only when its punishment has been legally defined before it was committed." They hold that further prosecution of Nazis could only be achieved by what, in effect, would be the Nazi method of retroactive legislation.

Can the statute of limitations be extended without violating the premise of *"nulla poena sine lege,"* without imposing a retroactive statute on a special group of offenses? All sides agree that this is the basic question, but the current letter columns not only of the legal journals but of the leading papers resound with controversy about the answer.

ARNDT, Dehler, and Bucher all reply with an emphatic "No," and Benda with an equally emphatic "Yes." The government position is supported both by the generally conservative *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* and the liberal *Spiegel*, Benda by the liberal *Süddeutsche Zeitung* and the conservative Catholic *Rheinischer Merkur*. While not all the lawyers in the constitutional division of the Ministry of Justice share Bucher's conviction that extension would be unconstitutional, Jahn believes that the Federal constitutional court might well rule against any Bundestag legislation to extend the statute, and that a constitutional amendment may be necessary.

The arguments against extension reach far beyond the legal frame and also point to quite genuine practical and moral considerations.

Opponents of extension question whether it is either practical or moral to continue an indictment twenty years and more after the event. They point out that the proceedings can—and have—run longer than four years, involving hundreds of witnesses of variable reliability brought together from all over the world. Documentary evidence is often inadequate, and jurors are frequently skeptical. Finally, the whole effort can often end in acquittal.

Experience to date—only 5,445 convictions compared with 12,882 indictments before German courts since 1945—leaves room for doubt that justice is served in this fashion. So, to take two current examples, do the verdicts handed down during a recent week in the West German courts.

Unequal Justice

While a court in Bielefeld was condemning a fifty-year-old ex-SS sergeant to nine concurrent life sentences for nine murders in the Warsaw ghetto, a court in Frankfurt condemned one of Eichmann's lieutenants in Budapest to five years for complicity in 300,000 cases of murder in Auschwitz. Since the Frankfurt court took cognizance of his period of arrest preceding and during the trial, the effective sentence worked out to be three months and three weeks.

At the same time, a second Eichmann lieutenant was acquitted. Neither the criminality of the Hungarian deportations nor the presence and intentions of the defendants were in question, the court emphasized in a six-hour elaboration of its verdict. At issue was their personal role and thus their personal responsibility. But this was a question that neither the prosecution nor the judges could answer despite nine and a half months of proceedings and more than four years of investigation.

Cases of this sort necessarily raise a second question. Is justice served when small-fry Nazis like the Warsaw sergeant are given maximum sentences at the same time their leaders are acquitted or given light jail terms, or pardoned both by the postwar occupying powers and by foreign governments, includ-

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ing Denmark, Holland, and Czechoslovakia?

If the basic issues at stake are constitutional and moral, the immediate problem for many West German politicians is electoral. The voters go to the polls in September to elect a new Bundestag, and all the political leaders are anxious to avoid offending them.

There is a risk of oversimplifying the unpopularity of war-crimes trials. It is true that a polling agency in Tübingen reported in October that sixty-three per cent of the West German population was against further prosecution. But this does not mean that sixty-three per cent are prepared to vote for or against a party according to its position on this issue. It does mean that relatively tiny groups within the sixty-three per cent might be prepared to do so, and in the delicately balanced political situation that has prevailed since 1961, even relatively tiny groups assume importance, and no party can afford to ignore them.

Thus the SPD, aspiring to return to power for the first time since 1930, is anxious to avoid an unpopular unilateral initiative that might be viewed as the basis of a new denazification. The sprawling electoral federations of CDU and CSU, in power since 1949, are anxious to stay there. And the small, sectarian FDP is competing with the CSU for the comparatively small number of right-wing votes in its effort to stay above the five per cent level necessary for representation in the next Bundestag, let alone in the next government.

The cautiousness of the parties is compounded in turn by the personality and political style of Ludwig Erhard. The chancellor wants to keep the boat that holds his fragile coalition from rocking and to avoid anything that would hurt his party, his coalition partners, or the policy of collective cabinet responsibility that distinguishes his régime, as he sees it, from that of his authoritarian predecessor, Konrad Adenauer. But Erhard is equally anxious to avoid violating the image of a new and liberal Germany, or offending his allies, the world's Jews, and the memory of his revered mentor, the economist and sociologist Franz Oppenheimer.

In this elaborate political network, tiny changes reverberate through the entire system. The moral indignation of one CDU deputy can crystallize a bloc of support within his own party. This, at any rate, is Benda's objective. The SPD, reluctant to get out on a limb but basically in sympathy with both the principle of extension and the idea of shared responsibility with the party with which it hopes one day to form a coalition government, has seized on the available CDU support to cloak its exposed position.

Pressure from Abroad

Outside pressure can alter the balance, too, just as a push from de Gaulle defeated the opposition of the West German farm lobby in December. Now Nasser's reception of East German boss Walter Ulbricht in Cairo has initiated one of the few fundamental reappraisals of foreign policy in ten years, and Israel's reactions are also likely to play a part in the statute-of-limitations debate. So will continued demonstrations abroad, especially in Western Europe and the United States.

The Bonn government is particularly apprehensive about the possibility that as soon as the May 8 deadline is past, the East Germans will release a flood of war-crimes data to discredit the sincerity and effectiveness of the Federal Republic's prosecution of Nazi criminals.

Bonn's indecisiveness under a combination of domestic and foreign pressures reflects the helplessness of a government whose highest aim is to offend no one and which thus risks offending everyone —both the apostles of an early amnesty and the militant supporters of extension.

"In any case," observes the respected Hamburg weekly *Die Zeit*, "the problem could not have been handled more ineptly. The psychological effect that might have been achieved in the world by an early extension of the statute of limitations is already lost. And should there be no extension, there will be a storm of indignation that will cost the Federal Republic much of the confidence that it has so painfully accumulated over so many years."

NATO's Uneven Steps Toward Integration

HANSON W. BALDWIN

DESPITE the pre-Christmas confrontations in Paris, Europe's nuclear future and NATO's continued viability are still uncertain. Presidents Johnson and de Gaulle both appear to be speaking more softly, and there was no head-on collision between the United States and France at the NATO Council meeting. Nevertheless, the multilateral force still looms like a specter across contemporary history, and President de Gaulle has again made it plain that he still prefers the co-ordination of national forces to military integration, favoring an Atlantic alliance but not a North Atlantic Treaty organization.

The French emphasis upon loosely co-ordinated national efforts raises two questions: To what degree have the NATO nations *integrated* their national military efforts? Has the process gone so far that it cannot be undone without collapse of the alliance?

IN THE fullest sense of the term, military integration means nationally mixed ground units, or ships or aircraft manned by crewmen of several nations—a condition that in NATO is conspicuous by its absence. Indeed, the multilateral force, if it is ever created, will be the first example of an "international mix" in the lower military echelons. To date, most of NATO's forces consist of national units acting under a common command.

The ground forces of West Germany, though, are organized on a unique pattern—one deliberately adopted a decade ago to prevent German rearmament from "getting

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out of hand" and to bind West Germany's power to NATO and make it incapable of independent military action. Bonn maintains ground units organized in divisions and corps, but there are no German army or army group commands. The German corps are integrated, as a part of the NATO forces, into U.S. and British army commands.

All other NATO ground forces are national units, such as the U.S. Seventh Army or the British Army of the Rhine, assigned to NATO but acting at army level under their own national commanders. Except for the command superstructure, there is no integration in any of the other armies of the NATO powers.

The United States, however, does provide both air and nuclear support to the national ground forces assigned to NATO. For example, a U.S. task force, armed with weapons of nuclear capability, has long been assigned to Italy to provide the Italian Army with missile artillery support. Similarly, a missile-equipped U.S. tactical air force supports U.S. and other ground units in Germany, and U.S. air wings and the Navy's Sixth Fleet are available to support Italian, Greek, and Turkish ground forces around the Mediterranean.

Fundamentally, however, member nations maintain national forces that they assign to NATO, either permanently (as in the case of Germany), or during maneuvers, or in time of emergency (as in the case of all other members). Thus, as far as actual combat units are concerned, NATO now comes closer to de Gaulle's idea of co-ordination than to Washington's dream of integration. The national forces are, within the limits of their own national economies and industrial capabilities, independent units—but all of them except the French and British would be dependent upon the United States for nuclear support in time of war. This, in essence, is what the fuss is all about.

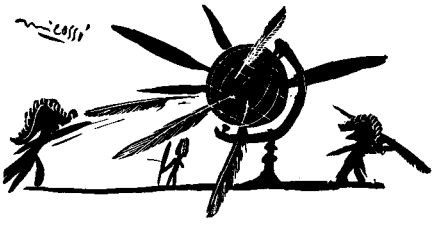
Chains of Command

There is an elaborate—many think an overelaborate—political and military superstructure in NATO, about which one might say that never in the history of human conflict have so few been commanded by so many.

The North Atlantic Council, composed of representatives of the NATO countries, is the apex of the pyramid. It is an active body with an integrated staff, and has met more than seven hundred times in the past eleven years. The staff and secretariat of the secretary-general of NATO, who is also chairman of the council, is fully integrated in an international sense. And the council embraces twenty-four committees that deal with everything from pipelines to medicine, and are at least loosely integrated.

The military side of NATO has two principal commands—Allied Command, Europe, which is based in Paris under a U.S. general, and Allied Command, Atlantic, based in Norfolk, Virginia, under a U.S. admiral. Other commands include Allied Command, Channel, in the United Kingdom, and the Canada-U.S. Regional Planning Group in Washington.

Under the principal NATO commands is a complex of subordinate regional commands, each with an integrated international staff, and



these in turn are subdivided into smaller areas. Each of the principal commands has a fully integrated staff, but for each the United States, because of its wealth and power, supplies the bulk of the forces, and often the commander and most important staff members. (Regions of distinctive geographic interest to one member nation are usually commanded and largely staffed by the nation most concerned—by France, for example, in the Bay of Biscay region.)

Additionally, there has been considerable *de facto* integration in weapons standardization and production. The NATO nations use a common small-arms caliber (7.62 mm.), and various bilateral and multilateral agreements, many of them keyed to U.S. military aid, have resulted in the installation of numerous U.S. weapons and much U.S. equipment.

The procedure for standardization and production has become an elaborate one. The NATO military chiefs state their basic weapons requirements and operational characteristics. Technical specifications are then itemized, and an existing, partially developed, or entirely new project—whichever best meets those specifications—is chosen. Various interested countries—and there is no compulsion, of course, to participate—may then take part in joint development and production; alternatively, they may buy the item directly from the country that produces it. A whole network of interdependent development and production projects has resulted, but where actual production is concerned, the most important integrated projects so far have to do with U.S. weapons. These are being produced by a number of European NATO members for their own use. Communications and electronics equipment has also been standardized to a high degree. To maintain the common items of equipment, NATO has established a system for supply, maintenance, and repair of spare parts.

Made in U.S.A.

Integration in standardization and production has resulted, to a far greater degree than ever before, in the arming of Europe with weapons and equipment designed or produced in the United States. This is not to say that Europe does not produce its own military items, or that standardization is complete or even extensive. But many of the more complex items of equipment, such as planes and missiles, are U.S.-furnished, and without U.S. support Europe might find it difficult to replace these items with domestic ones of comparable quality.

Integration in NATO has gone further in supply, bases, and facilities—what NATO calls "infrastructure"—than in any other area. There are about two hundred jet airstrips within the NATO area, most of them financed by common contributions and most of them usable by all NATO aircraft. There are some 27,000 miles of submarine cables, land lines, and radio links in addition to the existing commercial networks, about 5,600 miles of pipeline, and oil-storage facilities with a capacity of seventy million cubic feet. The most

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impressive of the NATO accomplishments has been the creation of an integrated telecommunications system, which is keyed to a common air-defense system and which can transmit early radar warning of enemy air or ground attack to control and command positions.

In 1951, NATO had only seventy-five telephone and teletype circuits available for its warning, control, and command network; there are well over six thousand today. ACE HIGH—a system of tropospheric scatter radio communications, which provides 99.97 per cent reliability against both natural and enemy-induced interruptions—now stretches from the North Cape across Western Europe to inland Turkey. This system is of key importance to what is now a common and integrated air-defense organization. The air-defense system does not cover all of Europe; in France, for example, only the northeastern region—the forward area most exposed to air attacks—is included. But the great speed of modern aircraft and missiles makes these common and integrated facilities virtually indispensable to the successful defense of any and all NATO nations. In this field in particular, the defense of one depends upon the defense of all, and vice versa.

Thus, the integration of NATO, notably in infrastructure, or common facilities available to all members, has gone far in the last decade—so far that it would be almost unthinkable to try and turn the clock backward to the pre-NATO concept of defense based on national frontiers. Today NATO is both an organization and an alliance.

But this does not mean that de Gaulle's concept of "co-ordinated" national forces could not work. The French president has never explained in detail what kind of vehicle for co-ordination without organization he envisages; presumably, such a project would imply a loose kind of control typified by the Foch Supreme War Council of the First World War. Pierre Messmer, the French minister of the armed forces, wrote in *La Revue des Deux Mondes* of February 15, 1962: "The Atlantic Alliance, even for those who question its present structure, is a necessity," and added—significantly—that French national forces are "responsible together with our NATO allies for the defense of our frontiers." Thus France clearly does not want to throw the baby out with the bath water. But even if the present complex and admittedly overstaffed command system of NATO were abolished, Europe, including France, would still require the integrated infrastructure and co-ordinated production that alone gives it much hope of early warning and damage limitation. In the broadest sense, geography and the technological revolution are against de Gaulle; strategically, Europe is a peninsula of Asia, bounded by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic-North Sea, and the rimland nations of the west require common plans and mutual effort to meet attacks from the Eurasian heartland and to utilize to the utmost their vital lines of sea communications. The speeds of supersonic aircraft and missiles and their unlimited range mean that Europe is strategically indivisible. The earliest possible warning—from each to all—and the most carefully directed and precisely planned common defenses are essential to the Continent's security.

The Soil of France

But just as the forward-warning systems and the infrastructure of NATO are essential to French security, so French geography is essential to NATO. France and the British Isles provide the communication zone and supply and backup area without which defense of the central front in Germany would be extremely difficult, if not impossible. West Germany, and Belgium and the Netherlands to the west, are too small in area to accommodate the defense in depth essential to either modern ground warfare or tactical air warfare. West Germany is already overcrowded with troops, supply bases, airfields, and warning stations, and the problem becomes worse as the West German armed forces expand. When on September 5, 1960, President de Gaulle issued an edict forbidding any nuclear weapons on French soil unless he shared in their control, the United States shifted its A-bomb-carrying aircraft from French bases to fields in Germany and Britain. These fields are overcrowded; French airbases are still essential for wartime dispersion. Today there are on French soil eleven U.S. Air Force bases or installations, sixteen Army supply depots and facilities (including the U.S. Army communication-zone complex), forty thousand American soldiers and airmen, and a complex system of NATO commands and installations. To shift these to other European areas would not only be costly; it would also result in dangerously vulnerable concentrations and overloaded supply lines.

French territory is the only allied land link between the central front of NATO in Germany and the southern front in Italy. It dominates the Atlantic and Mediterranean approaches to the Strait of Gibraltar and the north-south routes across the Mediterranean to Africa. It is vital to any successful air defense of Western Europe.

In sum, unless NATO and U.S. armed forces in Europe can utilize the soil of France, the air space above it, and the sea around it, an integrated defense of Europe—or even a common defense—would be impossible. NATO's concept of the shield of conventional forces and the sword of nuclear retribution would then have to be confined to the sword. The U.S. strategic deterrent upon which NATO ultimately depends (Polaris submarines and ICBMs sited in the United States) would not be affected by French withdrawal from NATO. But Europe would henceforth know that its only defense would bring a catastrophic nuclear exchange.

Thus it appears that Washington and Paris exercise a kind of veto power over each other. NATO without France is unthinkable; it would be neither an organization nor an alliance. But France, without the support of the integrated infrastructure and weapons development and production that NATO already has achieved, cannot build a meaningful or fully credible defense.

This means that Western Europe is strategically indivisible; that either principle of defense—organized integration or co-ordination without organization—is still possible, but that an alliance based on the concept of one for all and all for one is vital to the West.

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The Eastern Congo's Phony Rebellion

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

LEOPOLDVILLE

NOTHING that happens in the Congo should seem strange any more; but the "rebels in Eastern Province," a phrase recalling Castro's hardy "rebels in Oriente Province," are a different form of Congolese bizarreness. Not even in the Congo had a force so small, inspired by motives so remote from those of African nationalism, caught the imagination of so many. The primitive cruelty of the "rebels" has shocked the West and struck a responsive chord in the hearts of many nonwhite racists. East, West, and Africa each interpreted the Congo fiasco of the past fall and winter in the light of their own political imperatives.

The bloody barbarity of Stanleyville—Sharpeville through the looking glass—has now receded into history's crowded chamber of horrors, but the often subhuman outlaw hordes themselves remain. Who are they? What is their policy? Where do they draw their support? Do they have a future? Why were these poorly armed Congolese more successful than the better-armed Congolese in the National Army, until the latter acquired white mercenary cadres?

In truth, as probably every African leader of importance knows by now, there is no such thing as a mass rebel movement in the Congo seeking to replace one type of government by another with a more popular ideology. There is no such thing as a *Jeunesse* movement. At no time have any rebels established a government—although some political figures have pretended to do so.

But if most African presidents—and all African presidents with an ambassador in Léopoldville—know these facts, a few have preferred to ignore them. They can count on the ignorance of their populations: the ordinary African, all over this continent, accepts the myth of a revolutionary Congo fighting for a more socialist administration and against President Joseph Kasavubu. That the "rebel leaders" who came to Nairobi in September assured President Jomo Kenyatta of their allegiance to Kasavubu is overlooked by the African press.

The Tribal Wars

What has happened in the former Eastern Province, the area bordering the Sudan, Uganda, and Rwanda, is an old type of conflict fought in the glare of a new type of publicity. There have been tribal wars at every dry season in the Congo since independence. These were less effectively dealt with than the ones that took place before independence, but many were just ignored. Some were put down by the United Nations. The biggest dry-season war was the conflict of September, 1960, between the Bena Lulua and the Baluba, in which Lumumba intervened on the side of the Bena Lulua (drawing Dag Hammarskjöld's charge of genocide) and in which seventy thousand Baluba died. The opposition between loyalist North Katanga and secessionist South Katanga from 1960 to 1962 was a tribal, not a political, war.

Last year was marked by a plethora of tribal wars, fought by adults and adolescents who together belong to the warrior age group of their clans; it is these age groups that have been described by the political term *Jeunesse* (youth movement). The "felt need" for tribal wars has become greater with the abandonment of some of the country's cash crops and the return to subsistence agriculture. Traditionally, economies throughout most of Black Africa are based on slaveholding, and slaves could only be acquired from other tribes by war.

After Kasavubu's suspension of parliament over a year ago, political leaders returned from Léopoldville to the bush areas to find their electoral districts on the warpath. Some of them tried, with limited success at first, to channel these traditional conflicts along political lines. Russia, although it verbally supports any rising that gives itself a left-wing label, was hesitant to give armed support, but Chinese theorists believe that violence is needed to trigger a revolution; this violence could, they reason, be directed toward a revolutionary end, in the way the war with Germany triggered the Russian Revolution and the war with Japan opened the road to Mao. As a consequence, first Pierre Mulele in Kwilu, and then eastern Congo leaders like Gaston-Emile Soumialot, began to draw a measure of support from China.

Each capitalized on conflicts that had already started—conflicts that were completely unpolitical in any ideological sense. Mulele's Kwilu "rising" collapsed when his "rebel" tribes were defeated by their neighbors, backed by the Congolese Army. Mulete has since been reported in the north and in the Sudan. Soumialot got aid from the Chinese embassy in Bujumbura, until the mercenaries and the army sealed the Congo-Burundi frontier. In recent weeks, Chinese and Russian arms, supplied by Algeria, Egypt, and perhaps Ghana, have reached the Congo from the Sudan—although not in anything like the "important quantities" alleged by Premier Moïse Tshombe.

HAVING BECOME a "rising," the tribal warriors next became a "rebellion" as they recruited others while they marched: it was a choice

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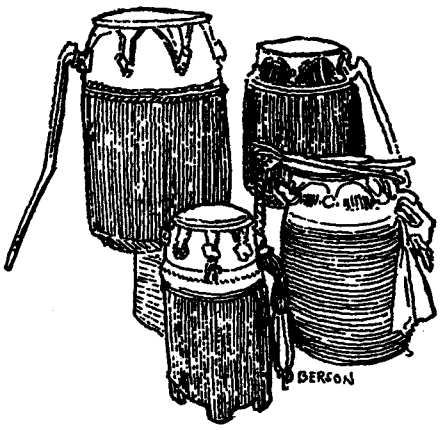
of "join us or die." Thousands of youths, deprived of school by the breakdown of the pre-independence Belgian system, deprived of work by the collapse of much of the regional economies, found an outlet for their energies and frustrations in this exciting return to the primeval state. Adulthood was achieved, not by getting a job and contributing to the family budget, but by killing a man. The world of the witch doctor, only weakly challenged by colonization and Christianity, now reappeared in full force. The medicine men supplied the invisible bulletproof vests and the courage-giving hemp. Even without hemp, the monotribal "rebel" units often fought better than the multitribal army units, in which soldiers refused to obey orders from officers and noncoms of different tribes, distrusted each other, and even killed noncoms of the "wrong" tribe to get a "brother" into the job.

The warring hordes aided the recruited tribes to fight their traditional enemies, defeating these and in turn recruiting more support from among the conquered. In Kindu, for instance, the Wasongola defeated the semi-urbanized Ombo, then the Babengele and the Balanga. They had done this many times before; but this time, under Soumialot's influence, they "integrated" their victims into their force, marched north up the Lualaba, reached a mutual no-plunder agreement with the Balengola, and, with them, defeated the traditional enemy of the Wasongola, the stronger Bakumu.

To say that at this point the hordes acquired a revolutionary conscience would be going too far, but as the tribal conflicts became confused by new alliances, two emotional factors began to outweigh all other motives for making "war": anti-literacy and racism.

Since most Congolese feel it is safer to kill black men than white men, the "rebels"—especially youngsters deprived of school by independence—first vented their rage by killing and mutilating thousands of primary-school teachers, village postmasters, and so on. (There is evidence that the Chinese advised against this particular barbarity: certainly nothing illustrates better the unpolitical, un-socialist, unplanned nature of the "rebellion.") Finally the racial blood lust erupted in an orgy of atrocities and cannibalism directed against the whites, to which the Belgian intervention brought a partial end.

Now, there are some indications that the remnants of the "rebellion" may be nearing exhaustion. The Congolese Army has once again agreed to take prisoners—a humanitarianism difficult to apply in a jungle war—in the hope that the sparing of life will give the "rebels" the opportunity to surrender. With Africa sharply divided on the Congo question but with the majority on Kasavubu's side, only China, Algeria, and Egypt seem genuinely anxious to keep a rebellion going, presumably in the hope that sufficient chaos will sow the seeds of a real revolution. Other left-leaning states may pay lip service to "rebel' leaders, but even Ghana seems reluctant to aid their cause materially.



'Not a Line of Marx'

Although there is no true rebellion in the Congo, there are, of course, many genuine grievances, and when tribalism forced the creation of twenty-two states (instead of the six which existed under Belgian rule) it was partly in the hope that in monotribal states, social and political reform would be possible. It was also seen as a solution to the *munduku* problem, which elsewhere in Africa has led to large-scale corruption. *Munduku* is the Lingala word for "brother," in the extended African sense: every person of consequence in the Congo acts as a magnet for *banduku* (the plural), many of whom he has never seen before but who want to share his material fortune. Each *munduku* has several *banduku* on his back as well. New states mean new administrations—more jobs to keep *banduku* quiet. Since there were never enough taxes efficiently collected to pay for these bureaucracies, the *banduku,* soldiers, police, and some government workers in the cities were the only functionaries likely to be paid.

Government employees in the bush worked, and still work, unpaid for months; when the warriors arrived, many were glad to join the horde and kill somebody, if only to avoid being killed as despised literates themselves. If there is a genuine grievance among the rebels that is felt more strongly than any other, it is probably that of the *basengi* (the derogatory Lingala word for rural folk) against the relatively moneyed rabble of the towns. But so nonpolitical is the "rebellion," in the Washington or Peking sense, that most of the Congo's genuine radical leaders have either been rejected by it or given only limited allegiance and authority. Even Antoine Gizenga, leader of the "Unified Lumumbist Party," has been rejected by all the "rebel" forces.

Christophe Gbenye, who has the top rating among the outlaw political figures in Algiers and Cairo, and Gaston Soumialot—whom Nasser rejected as too wild—take a definite second place to "General" Nicolas Olenga in the insurgent areas of northeastern Congo. Olenga was unheard of less than a year ago, and he has certainly read not a line of Marx. Not unnaturally, the warriors never really trust anyone who can hide his thoughts by writing a diary or a telegram or talking French. Lumumba's literacy is forgiven, for he is dead and has become a god in the shadowy bush pantheon. Olenga, having eaten the heart of the former mayor of Stanleyville, is a man his followers can understand.

The longer the "rebel movement" lasts, the more it will be disposed to accept arms, advice, and even "volunteers" from anyone. If it lasts long enough, it may even take on some of the coherence it has so far lacked. But it is hard to believe that the Chinese or other foreign Communists would have great ideological influence on so primitive a movement.

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Son-in-Law

A Story

NADINE GORDIMER

DURING the war they had kept him hidden from the Germans and in the first days after liberation they had had to protect him from roaming bands of zealots among their own people, because although he was a Jew he had also once been a German.

The old man, sitting in his railwayman's cap with his pipe at the window, said, "What time is he going to work today?"

The daughter handed her father his coffee. "Here—" The old man waved her to put it down beside him. "What time, Werner?"

"What's that?" He was spooning the contents of a pot of jam into the china jar with the bamboo handle; she would not have anything on the table in the container in which it came from the shops. Her eyes met his, blank; only the meeting belied that they were severally preoccupied. "About ten o'clock—today. I think. Perhaps I'll leave a bit early and pay a business call on the way to the office."

The old man looked out the window, marveling. "Six o'clock every morning of my life for fifty-one years."

"But he doesn't happen to work on the railway, Papa."

"Don't eat me up, my girl."

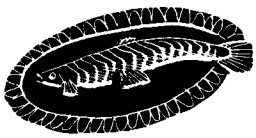
"Offices don't open at six o'clock."

"Times have changed, that's all I'm saying."

She was putting on her flowered silk scarf, brown hat, and gloves; she, too, had been used to getting up early all her life and the makeup on her neat middle-aged face was as fresh and clearly applied as it was when they were going out to a coffee party of an evening. She put a packet of sandwiches in her bag and kissed her father.

She looked at the other briefly; with such a look—compressed, telegraphic, containing, without so much as the twitch of the nerve in an eyelid to betray it, all her eloquence—she had warned him of the passing of the German patrols in the street outside. The front door closed behind her.

When she had gone the atmosphere in the flat dropped. It was as if, without her, there was no connection between them, the old man could not get at him. Even the physiognomical differences between them underwrote harmlessness, as certain species of animals, though actually belonging respectively to the genus of prey and victim, may coexist peacefully so long as each



does not recognize the other for what he really is. The old man had small bright blue eyes like a light left burning in an empty room. He did not wear his false teeth, and from his pink face drawn in to the purse string of his mouth, his high round cheekbones stood out in fists. He had never left home.

The other was quietly washing up. He stood helplessly, as sedentary people do. He was bald with a big dome of shallow brow and a frill of curly gray-and-black hair from ear to ear. Among so many blue-eyed people his heavy brown eyes, drooping at the corners and underscored by scoops of shiny purple-brown shadow, were startling, as if he were designed to see at night.

He took the old man for his morning visit to the toilet and left him there while he finished the dishes and hung up the drying cloths. When the old man was ready, there was a grunting call, and he went up the passage to fetch him and settled him in his chair again.

"Papa, I'll have time to take you to the tobacconist if you want to." The old man was gradually losing the power of his legs and could go out into the street only in his wheelchair.

"Not today."

He said, "I mean, I can leave out the business call."

The old man gave a dismissing gesture. Then forgetful, he took out his tobacco pouch to make sure once again that it contained sufficient for the day. These small rituals filled time satisfactorily, becoming more repetitive as they were reduced in variety.

Werner went into the bedroom. It had been the room of the old man and his wife, before Anne-Marie and he were married and the old woman died. The two high, old-fashioned beds took up the whole place. The down quilts were puffed like the breasts of birds; Anne-Marie did

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not leave a hairpin out of place before she left in the mornings. He sat down on his bed with a shuddering sigh and put out his hand to turn on the tiny bedside radio, barely audibly.

After a few minutes the old man called: "What's the time?"

There was the face of her gilt traveling clock: nearly ten to ten. Swiftly, while stealthily turning off the radio as he called back, he got to his feet and stood a moment, letting slow breathing sway him a little. Then he took his coat off the hanger, put on his hat, opened a drawer, and slipped a packet of peppermints into his coat pocket. Again he stood as if he had forgotten something. Meanwhile, he picked up her fancy nail file where it hung on a little tree of such implements, and passed the point under each of his thick white nails with the movement of someone paring an apple.

In the living room the old man had the morning paper beside him; his presentation hunting-case pocket watch was lying face up on the table. He was watching the gray pigeons that materialized out of the gray sky upon the window ledge outside. "They seem to come right at your face. How they stop in time, with the glass—"

Seven to ten on the dial now, ticking as loud as a bomb on the table.

He said, indulgent of the pastimes of the old, who have nothing better to do, "Well, I must get along." And in clear, loud enunciation: "I won't be home at lunchtime today, Papa."

"I know, I know," There was the usual arrangement when the old man was left alone; the caretaker would come in to give him the lunch Anne-Marie had left prepared.

The old man picked up the watch, put it to his crusty-skinned red ear and then in his pocket.

Five to, surely. He said, an afterthought: "Good-bye." The old man peered round through his misty glasses with a movement of the hand as if to say, never mind that now.

As THE cathedral clock expanded and contracted the heart of the city to the single stroke of one, she came from her office down the path toward him in her flowered silk scarf, brown hat, and gloves. She looked at the bench and he flicked his handkerchief over it before she sat down. "Did you get the fish?"

He patted the damp limp parcel to draw her attention to it and she nodded. "Soles?"

"Nothing today. Three slices of halibut. He recommended."

"What about the laundry this afternoon? You won't forget?"

"That's tomorrow. Today's Tuesday."

She gave herself a mock tap on the temple, but her face retained its

look of preoccupied, sad obstinacy, a look as characteristic of her as of some breeds of dog.

She unwrapped their sandwiches. She made very good sandwiches and he was always hungry for them. They began to eat and she said, "You should leave earlier sometimes."

The pleasure of taste died out of his large face.

"Ten o'clock, and then you're home at three or four in the afternoon." She went on eating, ruminatingly, looking at him for some suggestion.

"Not always," he said. "Sometimes I go at nine."

"Half-past," she said. "Once in a blue moon." She looked at him anxiously, at the same time in a quick parenthetic movement clearing her teeth of fragments with a contortion of the lips.

"Old people forget. He doesn't remember from one hour to the next."

She shook her head in the authority of her childhood, girlhood, womanhood experience of her father, not only as her father but also as her countryman, her kind.

She pressed him to have the last sandwich: "No, I had a coffee and a roll."

"Where?"

"That place next to the fishmonger."

She made a mouth. She had once been in there with him and been given a badly washed cup. She broke the bread in two and handed him half. They did not speak, and their gaze, the plain, naked gaze of middle-aged people who have no admiration to seek each from the other, no sexual coquetry to make for dissimulation between them, was the one that had always been their most lucid communication: the gaze with which she had warned him about the Germans, and with which, later, after the war, it was decided that he would marry her. "The Jew will go back home now" the old man had said, not unkindly; he had always referred to him as the Jew, as he might have said "the lodger."

"What home?" she said.

And so he had stayed. "He's looking for a job," Anne-Marie told her mother. "Well, I hope so," said the old lady. The little family lived on Anne-Marie's salary as a file clerk and the old man's pension from the railways; they couldn't afford to keep him. And yet if he didn't go, if it was true there was nowhere left back where he came from for him to go to, how could they get rid of him while their daughter was beginning to walk out with him, openly, now that he was allowed on the streets like anybody else? How could they throw out someone she went with, holding his arm, in the cathedral square?

"What sort of job?" Anne-Marie asked him, when they were walking out. He told her he supposed business of some kind. What had he done before? Oh it would be import and export, he said. Yes, that would have to be it: something where he could use his knowledge of his mother tongue. His dead wife's parents had had a big cigar and tobacco business; apparently he had had some sort of executive position made for him there. But he was not sure about how to go about getting a job on his own, quite on his own, in a foreign country. "He's looking. There are several possibilities," Anne-Marie kept telling the old people. It began to be assumed that he would leave the flat at a certain time every morning in pursuit of this job, and that it was decent for him to return only after an adequate

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amount of time had been spent in the pursuit.

Whenever they talked about marrying they were both thinking of the parents. When they finally reached the point of making an actual date (the beginning of her annual leave for that particular year), he said, "I don't know how they'll . . . ?" meaning because he was a Jew. But she, out of her own silence, was saying slowly, "Just for the meantime, we could say you've got a job now. I mean, otherwise I'll never hear the end of it—how can you marry and keep a wife and so on. . . . You go out every morning anyway."

Import and export, he told them. Just a small office—in the office of a friend. He was his own boss. In a small way, naturally; he could come and go more or less as he pleased. Then when you've found something, Anne-Marie said to him, they won't know the difference. And in the meantime. . . . Fortunately, it was a big city. The old people really only knew their own little corner of it, the butcher, the tobacconist, a few cronies from the railways. When people asked what does your son-in-law do, they said—with the vagueness of those who have never been merchants of any kind themselves—he's in the import business, he's in the city. It was understood that it was a modest living; they all lived just as carefully as they had before there was a son-in-law in business, but this was as the old lady understood it: Anne-Marie was not making a show of her husband's earnings, any more than she herself would have done—she was putting away a nice little nest egg.

It was tricky so long as the old lady was alive because she went about more, and even in her circle of old ladies there were some who had sons in insurance and even import and export. But if the name of her son-in-law meant nothing to them, it merely confirmed what she already knew in her bones: that he was not much to speak of, and a foreigner into the bargain. Once she was gone and the old man practically bedridden, it did not matter in what quarter, in what street, what building, endless intersection of corridors and passages and closed doors without numbers, leading ever further and further from it, that office was situated. Yet it was necessary for it to exist somewhere. So long as the old man lived, its existence had to be proved every day.

He had never "found something," and Anne-Marie, as his wife, never asked him how he passed those hours, every day, when he had to be out of the flat. If the weather was bad, she would say with a flash of anxiety, "Werner, don't forget the thick scarf, you know your chest." For a time he had been considered as taken up with the task of proving his right to *Wiedergutmachung*, the compensation the Germans paid, to those who had survived their persecution, for the loss of material possessions. He filled in forms in the evenings—"Werner has all this stuff to attend to," she would say to her parents—and spoke of his appointments at the office set up to deal with such applications. But in the end it appeared that the comfortable sums he had calculated on paper would never come to him because documents establishing his rights proved

to be no longer in existence in Germany. He continued to get an occasional official letter which he would study carefully while Anne-Marie remarked to her father, "Still so much work about his German claims."

Days like this one, when, after she had gone back to her office, he sat in the park with the parcel of fish waiting for the time to be able to go home, were frequent. Sometimes the burden of proof of that office was depressingly heavy; how could what was nonexistent weigh so much? Just like his German claims; how could something that had become nonexistent be worth so much? The load of indigestion from her good sandwiches took on the weight of all this nonexistence in his breast. He got up and walked round the square among the pigeons, who like him took their sustenance from the hand of a stranger, in a public place.

He went down to the railway station to look up the time of a train he and Anne-Marie would take if they went for a day's excursion at Whitsun, five weeks ahead. In the great echoing hall of voices and footsteps, he bought a newspaper. He dropped in at the laundry to tell them what time he would call tomorrow. In the café where they knew him well, as men are known in the cafés of big cities as the one with the tweed overcoat or the one with the terrible cough, he sat and drank another cup of coffee in the stale corner whose air, at the beginning of spring, was that which had been enclosed at the beginning of winter. In the tram he found a place in one of the two entrance seats that faced each other. Between the swaying bodies of people standing, a woman looked at him, not intently but restfully, her head lolling slightly backward on her fur collar. She wore the light-colored delicate shoes and gloves that only the well-off can afford to wear in the grimy city. Late fifties; widow with money who buys herself the best of everything but doesn't believe in wasting it on taxis. His great eyes seemed weighted to his cheeks in their downward gaze. But he had done it many times before; he had only to lift them slowly but suddenly, and not smile, but merely let the corners droop a little more, while the dark folds beneath tautened their pleats a little, and a charming amber light swam up from some forgotten depth like a spirit that had been imprisoned in the black waters of a lake. He might perhaps have found something, here, with one of those women. But having tried out this piece of effortless effectiveness—not a movement, not a thought, even—he

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always let it go back and die in the dark. And he was aware without thinking about it that this one thing that he could have done would soon cease to be summoned into possibility; the ladies would begin to see an old man sitting opposite them.

As soon as he got off the tram he had the sense of pleasant weariness and enervation that came to him as if, as a reward, he really had returned from a day's work. The fish had seeped through, wet and pink with blood, but he was almost home, and it was quarter-past four today. The old man could check it by his hunter as much as he liked. He opened the door, gained the warm air gratefully, and called out, "Papa, better late than never! Would you like your coffee?" There was no answer and he went quietly past the old man in the chair and took off his outdoor things and put on slippers and went to set the water to boil. But when he tried to wake the old man for his coffee, he found that he was deeply unconscious. Anne-Marie wept beside the bed in the hospital all night, and by evening the next day the old man was dead.

When he and Anne-Marie came back to the empty flat after the funeral he did not know what to say to her; the silence was of a different quality from the usual silences between them. She began at once to pack away the old man's things, and, as if he had suddenly forgotten how Anne-Marie was, he tried to stop her, saying the conventional things: "Leave that now, you don't have to upset yourself." She was rummaging for a small box that would be just the right size and shape to hold her father's pocket watch and she put down her hands in a final movement and stared straight at him, then without a word went on with her intent orderliness, trying first one box and then another.

Quietly, he began to do what he should have done from the first: take the covers off the cushions on the old man's chair and put them in the wash, stack his newspapers neatly, empty his tobacco pouch so that it could be laid away. He contented himself with heavy, timid sighs.

At last she said, "I'll go through his clothes tomorrow. There may be something that needs mending. He would have wanted them to go to the Railway Benefit."

She went out of the room to the bedroom. He sat down carefully and waited. He did not know whether he should read the newspaper. Was she crying again, in there? Should he go and say something, try to put his hand on that neatly waved head whose dusty-looking scrolls were preserved from one weekly visit to the hairdresser to the next by a contraption like a cobweb?

She appeared, turning her ring as she always did when she had just washed her hands. "There's that cold fish from the day before yesterday. Or a bit of sausage."

He said in the exaggerated voice

of someone eager to be no trouble, "What does it matter? Anything."

"I can fry the sausage," she said.

"The fish is all right!"

While they ate she said, referring to the old man's clothes, "You could take them there on Friday."

"Friday?" He had the mildly dismayed dubiousness of someone who wondered how he would fit it in.

Again she put down her hands in that final gesture. "Why not?"

"All right. But I don't see the rush. If you've finished with them. Why should you drive yourself?"

She went on eating as if she had turned off communication with the flick of a switch. She stared straight ahead and was not disturbed by any movement of his that came before her line of vision. Now and then he ventured, in diminuendo cadence, "Ah! Ja, ja, ja . . . " but she gave no sign that she heard and he had the feeling that she was thinking very hard, in an unstemmable stream of words, back through the past he had not known with her, in her own language, in forms so personal, regional, and idiomatic that he, with his imperfect, foreigner's grasp of it, would not have been able to understand a word even if she had been speaking aloud.

But in the morning—they both slept well—when he got up he knew that they were alone at last, the tension was gone, there was no one for her to protect him from, any more, there was no old man with his watch beside him sitting in the wheelchair. He shaved and she was in the kitchen busy with the breakfast and her sandwiches. When she came out of the bathroom he was still in his slippers and he sat down to glance through the morning paper; no need to hurry this morning. He could take all day over it if he pleased. A trickle of warm pleasure, a new gland coming into secretion, started at the vision of the long quiet morning in the empty flat.

Anne-Marie came in with the coffee. She looked at her father's chair. But she would have slapped away a word like an unwelcome hand; he saw that she would not have him in on this sorrow of hers, he somehow did not have the right to lay claim to it in any way. You had no rights except those they told you. You had to report to the police every day; or you had to wait five years and then you could get citizenship papers.

"The laundry wasn't fetched."

He looked up with his great black eyes, shrugging as if to say, "Out of the question!"

"You won't forget today?"

"Of course not."

When she had finished her coffee, put on her silk scarf, brown hat, and gloves, and taken her packet of sandwiches, she turned at the door to say good-bye, and then seemed to fall into intent distraction as she saw him for the first time since her father had died. She forgot to say good-bye. She said, "Werner, what time are you going out this morning?"

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Angst Across the Sea

M. L. ROSENTHAL

SOME TIME AGO, the British Broadcasting Corporation presented on its Third Program a series with the title "Under Pressure: U.S.A." It was based on interviews conducted by the English critic A. Alvarez with selected American writers and intellectuals and consisted of three broadcasts, called successively "Kennedy and the Intellectuals," "The Intellectuals and Society," and "The Problems of the Artist." I found it absorbing both in its own right and as an instance of the kind of antennae the British are now extending to get the hang of American thinking today. The people involved were mostly Mr. Alvarez' friends and acquaintances in the constellation around *Partisan Review*, *Commentary*, and the *New York Review of Books* (Norman Mailer, Norman Podhoretz, Saul Bellow, Philip Rahv, Hannah Arendt, Irving Howe, Robert Lowell, Elizabeth Hardwick, Lionel Trilling), and the discussions were therefore to some degree an expression of only one cluster of people among the intellectuals. Still, they were no less worth listening to for all that, and Mr. Alvarez carried his tape recorder elsewhere too—to August Heckscher, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Zero Mostel, among others. After taping separate interviews, he chopped up the discussions and rearranged them into related comments on the three large themes I have mentioned.

Asked to talk about themselves in their proud role as recognized yet disaffected intellectuals or artists (only Bellow explicitly rejected the romantic implications of disaffection), the Americans, somewhat embarrassed by it all, hugged their "alienation" to their bosoms with a sort of puzzled discontent. Miss Hardwick seemed truly baffled when her own musings led her unexpectedly into the admission that Americans "really do feel that this is the best country in the world for anyone to live in. And a lot of that is justified and corroborated by the large number of foreigners who do want to live in America. And I think on a certain existential level it makes a certain amount of sense. . . . You can't say it's false." Zero Mostel went zestfully to the heart of the New York *Angst*: "The man had a terrible problem because he had a thirty-thousand-dollar home and could afford to send his boy to college. There was this awful problem, you know, . . . some kind of internal, mental problem that didn't mean anything. So it's like the fellow goes to analysis and he's cured completely. He's so cured, he comes out and the world is still a nuthouse." I wonder what the Britishers made of *that*.

The discussion of Kennedy brought out frankly the ambivalent feelings of these intellectuals toward their late President. Most of them, apparently, had been his guest at the inaugural ceremonies or on other occasions. Predictably, their pleasure at being invited conflicted with their image of themselves as being alienated from society and therefore, to the authorities, somewhat suspect. In the literary world, there is the parallel situation of their having become an establishment themselves by virtue of their success, while at the same time being exponents of an uncompromisingly critical spirit. These are real predicaments, the more so because although Americans especially fear being rude they also find it hard to play a purely official role, which they feel is hypocritical or insincere. Thus, all these writers felt compelled to point out, for honesty's sake, that Kennedy had not really been one of them; he had not been an intellectual himself nor had he been likely to take their ideas to heart. Robert Lowell put the matter in a way that brought out the sense of exclusion and the naïve disappointment engendered by a merely social contact with power:

"I was invited to the White House for Malraux's dinner there, and Kennedy made a rather graceful joke that the White House was becoming almost a café for intellectuals; and we all drank a great deal at the White House and had to be sort of told not to take our champagne into the concert, put our cigarettes out, like children, though nicely and it wasn't peremptory. Then the next morning you read that the Seventh Fleet had been sent somewhere in Asia and you had a funny feeling of how unimportant the artist really was. That this was sort of window-dressing and the real government was somewhere else, and that something much closer to the Pentagon was really running the country."

THIS IS touching, and it points up certain logical questions that intrude inevitably: Who in history has ever really had a king's ear without himself being intensely, irresistibly involved in the day-to-day demands of politics and power? Does de Gaulle really, for example, tell even Malraux what the fleet's movements will be? More to the point, could Kennedy conceivably have shared the poet's anguish enough to set himself against the waging of war *under any circumstances*? And is the king's ear, rather than that of his ideal audience of peers and innocent common folk, what a poet really dreams of reaching in any case?

The assertion of Norman Mailer that "we do have a kind of influence" was of the same order as Lowell's disillusionment. "It's as if," Mailer said, "the literary world is like an idler gear between enormous gears. Once in a great while, this idler gear is brought into play and the larger gears turn a tiny bit in relation to us."

But the interviews showed that Kennedy did at least remind us of this whole question of the writer's possible direct influence on government. Their comments showed, too, that if he had been Jefferson himself, he could not have brought all those unused muscles of the neglected literati into play all at once. The testimony of at least this group of intellectuals that he had made them, despite all reservations, feel more at home in their own country and had helped raise their general status quickly in a few short years was most interesting to me and must have been so to the British listeners as well. On the assassination itself, though, the comments were not very penetrating. I wonder if anyone but extreme Tories took at all to Mur-

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ray Kempton's bitter, hyperbolic pronouncement that "assassination is a democratic act." This would-be shocker boils down to an extension, by dubious association and facile irony, from the reductive and self-denigrating idea, not at all supported by the facts, that American democracy accepts the principle that anyone's views are as compelling as anyone else's to the even more disastrous idea that it accepts the right of anyone to impose his convictions by any means he chooses. I fear that the listeners may somehow have gathered that assassination is assumed to be an American right by unwritten democratic tradition.

The inescapable theme of all the interviews was alienation. The alienated sensibility is hardly an exclusively American phenomenon, but recent political history and the economic situation have given it two specifically American forms. First, according to Irving Howe, "Thirty years ago, there were movements, organized movements on the Left, which were a channel for the expression of political sentiments. Today there are not movements, so that you, so to say, have to do personally what is done by parties and organizations elsewhere." And second, as the late R. P. Blackmur told Alvarez, "In this country any intellectual who doesn't insist on going to jail can get himself some sort of support for his work, no matter how alien to the normal purposes of society that work is. As I believe every European knows, there's never been such an age for patronage as the American patronage now available on such a wide base." It is admittedly an odd form for suffering to take. No wonder Elizabeth Hardwick quoted someone who had remarked to her that the American ideal is: "Take up your cross and relax!"

Since so many of the participants were professional writers, the discussion of the artist's problems in America threw off the most sparks. American writers, they made haste to say, are not indifferent to the problems of society at large. Having a large number of "invisible" poor in the midst of affluence is a constant irritant to their artistic conscience and fury. Moreover, they share the European's concern at the destruction of privacy, regional differences, and individuality by powerful, impersonal forces. The corruption of the language in a variety of obvious ways, including television and advertising jargons, makes Flaubert's struggles against the philistines' clichés seem relatively simple.

But the more personal preoccupations were with what their art had shown them: the difficulty of resisting a market culture that demands new products (books) every year or so, regardless of how long a work really needs to germinate and unfold; the unique, subtler pressure to strive for "greatness" whether one has it or not (related to Auden's comment that so many Americans "go off to analysts . . . because they think they ought to have a perfect personality"); the frustration implicit in the private citizen's feeling of impotence to act, or even to have a clear opinion. On this last point, Lowell observed: "We are free to say what we want, and somehow what we want to say is the confusion and sadness and incoherence of the human condition."

The form of these broadcasts constituted a simple but real innovation—a documentary of the sensibility of articulate Americans, prepared by a knowledgeable writer who was sufficiently "with" the people he interviewed. It is true that he might well have substituted some younger, less-known writers, artists, and editors, less sophisticated but more intransigent in moral and political matters, if the little magazines and the tiny movements that rise and fall daily cue us aright. But the willingness of Alvarez' cast to expose their own sense of an absurd and useless despair, even at the expense of showing how frayed their long-cherished strands of nonconformist thought have sometimes become, is both informative and moving.

Uneconomic Determinism

My mother never owned a house,
But still she planted peonies.
Along the public roads
I set out private trees.

From house to house we yearly moved
When landlords sold us out from under.
So Adam Smith would say our spade
Was an economic blunder.

We planted and we reaped
No private blossoms or shade.
No wonder we were always poor;
The grocer's bill, unpaid.

We subsidized the public sector
Without a care for *mine* and *thine*.
I stole my neighbor's apples
Wherever I saw them shine.

We lived in that prehistory
That Karl Marx postulated.
Mine was the world's, the world's was mine,
And we survived, unjailed, unsated.

I cheered for Herbert Hoover
From capitalism's attic.
I own two houses now
And vote straight Democratic.

—CHAD WALSH

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Filling Holes in the Soul

NAT HENTOFF

THE ANIMALS, one of the British rock 'n' roll groups that mesmerize swarms of American teen-agers, were among us not long ago. One of them, trying to answer a question about the reason for their appeal to the record-buying young, shook his head in bewilderment. "All of us—the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, the Manfred Mann group—have taken your Negro blues singers as models," he said. "But we're popular here, and most of them are not. I guess the American public doesn't care much for straight race music. They seem to prefer it filtered through us foreigners or through your commercial performers."

Listening to these youngsters from Newcastle-on-Tyne and Durham, I readily recognized the extent to which they had been influenced by such American bluesmen as John Lee Hooker, Bobby Bland, and Jimmy Witherspoon. And while Hooker, Bland, and, to a lesser extent, Witherspoon do occasionally sell respectable quantities of records, it is true that they are not nearly so well known to pop-music audiences as their long-haired disciples. Meanwhile, there are many more native blues bards who work—when they work at all—almost exclusively in Negro neighborhoods.

A few whites, to be sure, have gone in search of blues roots, drawn first by the blues elements they heard in jazz or by an interest in ethnic folk music. And to an increasing extent, varieties of "pop blues," sung by both white and Negro youngsters, have risen high in the single-record sales charts. But these are often attenuated or forced into a gimmicked formula. Nonetheless, even diluted "pop blues" as performed by such skillful young Negroes as Dionne Warwick and the Coasters have considerably re-energized our commercial music.

FOR more authentic blues, only LPs have provided a broad spectrum of the idiom—from historical reissues to current urban Negro blues. A small label can make a modest profit on sales of a few thousand of these albums and can also expect a continuing trickle of demand as some of the more exploratory teen-agers grow curious about the foundations of much of today's pop music.

The blues originated in the years of slavery, when plantation laborers used field hollers to identify themselves and to communicate over wide stretches (*Negro Folk Music of Alabama,* Vol. 1, Folkways 4417, $5.95). Gradually, the blues also became instrumentalized. After the Civil War, wandering guitarists and barroom pianists carried the blues with them and local songsters began telling blues stories. By the first two decades of this century, a generation of molten blues shouters—among them Bessie Smith (*The Bessie Smith Story,* Volumes 1-4, Columbia CL 855-858, $3.98 each)—had urbanized the blues for the growing numbers of Negroes settling in the big cities.

Essentially, the blues have always been a functional music. Their often ironic lyrics reflected the performer's stubborn insistence on surviving despite the obstacles of being not only vulnerable to lost love and lost jobs but of being black as well. The blues were a form of wry therapy for both practitioners and their audiences. Otis Spann, a pianist with Muddy Waters's formidable blues combo (*The Best of Muddy Waters,* Chess 1449, $3.98), occasionally plays before white audiences these days in hip night clubs and at college folk-music concerts. But Spann still speaks of the blues in terms of the audience of Negro workers he has known much of his life: "Most of the people who come to hear us work hard during the day. What they want from us are stories. The blues for them are something like a book. They want to hear stories out of their own experiences, and that's what we tell."

The scope of the blues is as diverse emotionally as the personalities of its interpreters. Arbee Stidham, a funereal-voiced performer from Chicago, is convinced "There is no such thing as happy blues." But the gnarled Jazz Gillum, who was born in Mississippi and now lives in Chicago, is often impelled to sing the blues when he is happy. "When I get that kind of feeling," Gillum explained, "I don't know whether I want to sit down, lay down, or get up. I just want to shake."

NO MATTER what the mood of a particular performance, the mark of an authentic blues singer is always the same. It has been described by Witherspoon, a deeply swinging, richly virile conjugator of the blues: "You sing what you know, what you are, what you have lived. And you sing the way you talk. Have you ever noticed that about blues singers? They sing the way they talk, and talk the way they sing."

Witherspoon, originally from Arkansas, has had considerable experience with jazz bands, and his blues are more sophisticated and polished than those of country bluesmen or performers who have spent their lives entirely within a circuit of small bars in Negro neighborhoods. Yet the "cry" of the blues fully pervades Witherspoon's singing, and his stories (*Blues Around the Clock,* Prestige 7314, 7314S, $4.98) deal with the fundamental concerns of the idiom—fear of loss and of death, anger at faithless women but hope for their return, the spiraling pleasures of love fulfilled, and the ambivalent rewards of whiskey.

Harsher and still linked to the brooding Mississippi blues language with which he grew up, John Lee Hooker (*Burnin',* Vee Jay 1043, $3.98) is the most ominous-sounding of all contemporary blues singers. His guitar rhythms are hypnotic and his voice is huskily, darkly urgent. Any misconception of the blues as whining is forcefully corrected by exposure to Hooker.

The bluesman who has known the most commercial success is Ray Charles (*The Ray Charles Story,* Vol. 4, Atlantic 8094, $3.98). In his work, as in that of many other blues singers, there is often a fusion between Negro religious music and secular imperatives. Tunes that are very close in shape, accent, and texture to gospel songs are used to tell week-night stories: "When your

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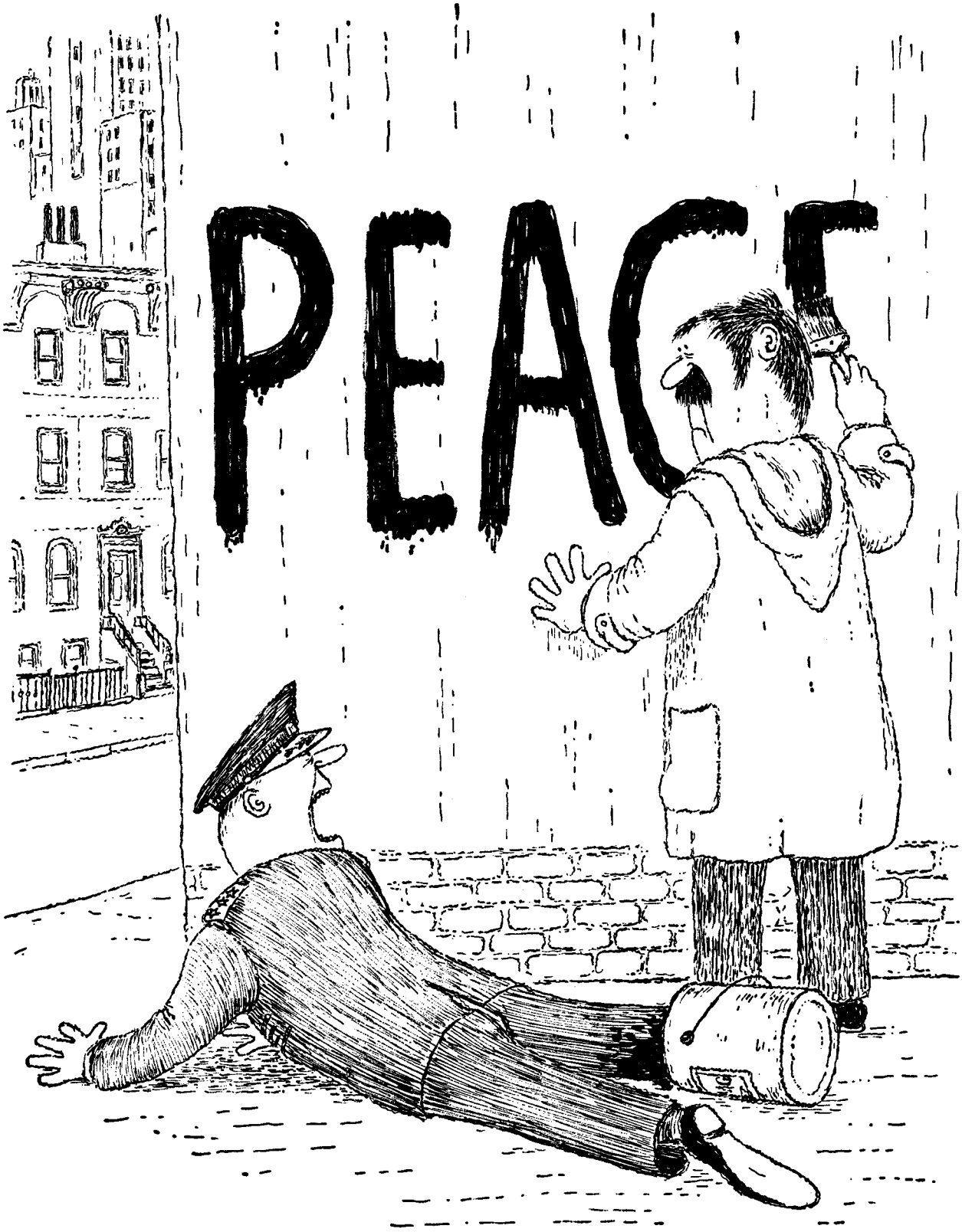

By Fernando Krahn

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baby is loving your best friend/Do you feel you're going crazy or do you feel you've always been?" Charles frequently bursts into the climactic cadences of store-front preaching. At times, his moans echo field hollers. His love songs are intimate without being mawkish, and when he speaks of pain, there is an intimation of autobiography.

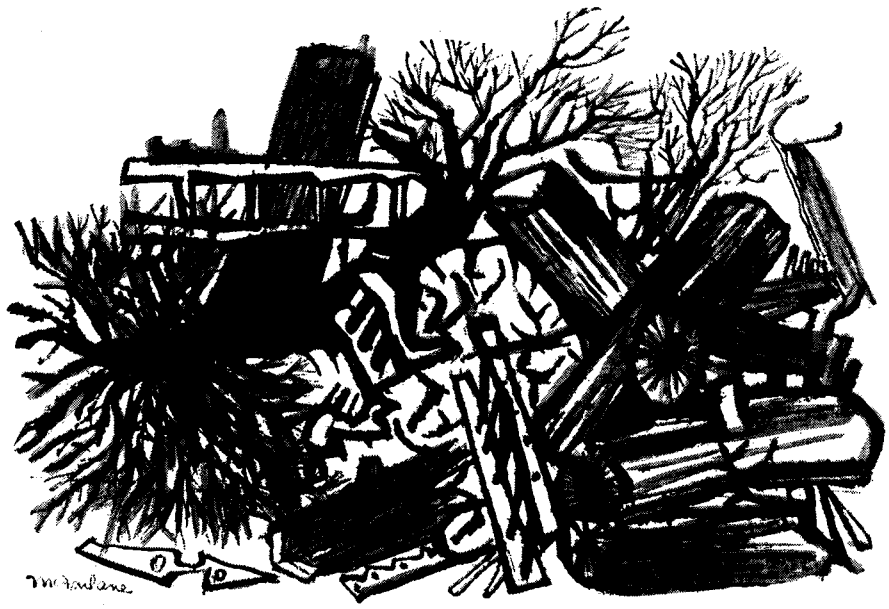
BLUESMEN die hard. Some finally are forced to take low-paying day jobs of one kind or another, but they keep telling their stories at occasional performances. Others keep wandering, somehow surviving. And age does not always diminish the impact of a blues singer. In *Songs We Taught Your Mother* (Prestige/Bluesville 1052, $4.98), the performers are three elderly blues ladies—Alberta Hunter, Lucille Hegamin, and Victoria Spivey—who first began recording in the 1920's. They are still compelling, particularly the mellow Miss Hunter. She now works as a practical nurse on Welfare Island in New York, but she convincingly summons up the charms of her youth:

A lot of these chicks are crying murder,
but I ain't moved my hand,
A lot of these chicks are crying hard luck,
but me, I ain't moved my hand,
I got myself a little apartment,
a dog, a cat, and a working man.

Although the blues still abound if you know where to look for them, there is some question about how long the distinctively Negro blues tradition can retain its character if we are indeed moving toward a thoroughly integrated society. Ralph Ellison believes that the blues, along with certain other "Negro American styles," can persist. Skeptics, however, point to the accelerating dilution of such formerly cohesive and strongly identifiable subcultures as those of the Jews and the Italians.

To the blues singers themselves, the question is academic because that degree of integration is hardly operative yet. For them and for their still largely Negro audiences, a binding article of present faith has been distilled by the Chicago blues disk jockey Pervis Spann: "If you don't like the blues, you've got a hole in your soul."

BOOKS



The Divided South

CARL DEGLER

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE SOUTH?, by James McBride Dabbs. *Funk & Wagnalls. $5.95.*

Far from being a tract for the times, as the title suggests, James Dabbs's book is a philosophical examination of the nature of the Southern experience. Of the many books purporting to explain the South, none except its prototype, W. J. Cash's *The Mind of the South* (1940), equals Dabbs's achievement. In some ways, his book is even superior to Cash's; it is more temperate, more lucid, and less diffuse.

Almost like the tides' response to the pull of the moon, the output of writing about the Southern character has fluctuated in accordance with the ebb and flow of the South's long-continuing argument with the rest of the nation. Since the beginning of the Second Reconstruction in 1954, it has been fashionable to emphasize the rapidity with which the South was changing and meeting the challenge of modernity. Harry Ashmore's *An Epitaph for Dixie* (1957), as its title reveals, was perhaps the most optimistic prognosis of the new South a-comin'. A few years later, a group of scholars collaborated on a volume of essays edited by Charles Sellers, Jr., entitled *The Southerner as American* (1960), which emphasized the harmony of the South's ways with those of the nation, not only in the twentieth century but in the past as well. Some of the contributors suggested that the South was fast losing its distinctiveness—if, in fact, it ever really had any. This same stress on the cultural closeness of the South to the rest of the nation was evident even in a book like Thomas D. Clark's *The Emerging South* (1961). And more recently, Howard Zinn, in *The Southern Mystique* (1964), concludes that today, as in the past, the Southerner is simply an American, his allegedly distinctive regional traits being no more than slight exaggerations of national characteristics.

Cash's acid and brilliant appraisal assumed the hard fact of the South's divergence from the national character. Like Cash, C. Vann Woodward in his *The Burden of Southern*

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 121

by HENRY ALLEN

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A 87 54 32 119 135 153 93 38 188 "No terms except unconditional and_____ surrender can be accepted." U. S. Grant.

B 204 192 2 46 139 176 24 160 18 City in France.

C 104 79 52 174 151 Objets d'art.

D 178 15 218 73 156 Metrical or rhythmical stress.

E 70 45 4 36 202 213 127 68 59 220 48 A small band of indigenous soldiers (6,5).

F 180 107 34 29 A kind of Indian butter.

G 125 164 64 16 50 190 222 43 111 One who seeks to bring about hostilities.

H 133 40 66 186 167 27 210 "So for a good old-gentlemanly vice, I must take up with _____." Byron, Don Juan.

I 129 10 91 181 101 183 162 216 Obsolete and poetic expression of dismay.

J 197 75 158 211 13 22 122 206 194 What to turn when struck on the right side of the face (4,5).

K 115 97 57 199 8 On the contrary(Latin)

L 62 172 147 169 One of the things Cyrano de Bergerac compared his nose to in Rostand's play.

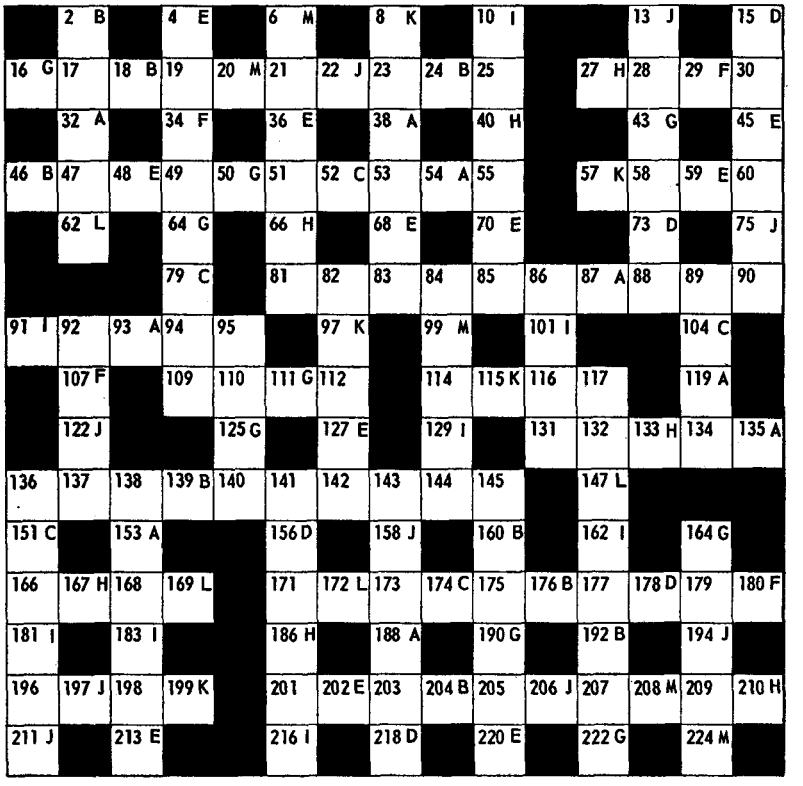
M 20 6 224 99 208 German President, 1919-1925.

Solution to
Puzzle #120
Acrostician—
ROBERT P. GRIFFIN

I	N	F	O	R	C	E	■	S	O	F	T	■	■	C
N	■	I	■	O	■	B	■	T	■	A	■	C	■	U
R	I	G	H	T	T	O	W	O	R	K	L	A	W	S
O	■	H	■	E	■	N	■	I	■	E	■	L	■	T
A	R	T	S	■	P	I	N	C	H	■	P	L	E	A
D	■	I	■	F	■	T	■	A	■	A	■	I	■	R
S	I	N	C	E	R	E	■	L	I	V	E	N	E	D
■	■	G	■	L	■	■	■	■	■	A	■	G	■	■
R	A	F	F	L	E	S	■	S	T	I	F	F	E	N
O	■	O	■	S	■	O	■	N	■	L	■	O	■	E
A	I	R	Y	■	B	A	N	A	L	■	B	R	A	T
S	■	S	■	A	■	P	■	G	■	K	■	A	■	T
T	H	I	N	G	S	I	N	G	E	N	E	R	A	L
E	■	N	■	A	■	N	■	L	■	E	■	M	■	E
D	■	■	B	R	A	G	■	E	L	E	U	S	I	S

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



ACROSS

16. Mood about the other? H———! It's maternal.
27. My dear sir, Alphonse. Reach not a bit.
46. Former arena whose beginning suggests an animal.
57. Jog along about the wrong in law.
81. There were ten, but not bewildered Indian ones (4,6).
91. Like mad, man! Good!
109. Organs that may sear one.
114. It's a hot exclamation.
131. A supply, had or otherwise.
136. What the rude vendor will do to ask one male (4,2,4),
166. Ratio that may be posted.
171. Drink of the Democrats since November? (5,5).
196. She can't be 27 across in France but may go with him.
201. Constantly kind to Gert at eleven (4,6).

DOWN

2. An often misnamed section, company for 1,099.
4. A work of the Acrostician (3,5).
6. Kind of suite for a bird with almost all.
8. Machines or most of them.
10. A church season of five and ten A. D.
13. A cub holds her, the angel.
15. Traces containers.
82. Gets rid of, but don't let it toss you.
84. Mythical figure is a bit more than a bakery product.
86. Early-blooming kind of car?
89. Veer the beginning of 201 across.
92. Hear the bird.
95. Gape in any direction.
117. TV character sounds spry.
136. Kind of gun with perfume first.
138. Light when relatives are led about.
141. Kind of bird that seeks its own end.
143. Spirit free at times.
145. Candied root is gory and has two points.
164. This joint is a bit more than lank.

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History (1960) took for granted the enduring quality of a distinctive culture; he argued that since the essence of the difference between the South and the rest of America derives from their divergent histories, Southern distinctiveness will persist for a long time to come. The most convinced proponent of this view is perhaps Francis Butler Simkins, whose *The Everlasting South* (1963) exhorts the South to be proud of its heritage and to stand up for its values, including, if necessary, the perpetuation of institutionalized racism.

THOUGH Dabbs emphatically rejects segregation and racism—as does Woodward—his book also falls in this second category. His theme, and properly so, is the divided mind of the South; his purpose is to uncover, without preaching, the nature of that division and to suggest, without scolding, the forces that seem to be healing it.

The Southerner is riven in several ways; as Dabbs phrases it, "He is somehow a Southerner *and* an American." As Woodward has observed, only the Southerner among Americans has experienced defeat—and that was at the hands of his own countrymen. The South is split also between white and black, for Negroes are Southerners, too, Dabbs reminds us. The problem of identity is double. For the white man it is, "How am I an American?" while for the Negro it is "How am I a Southerner?" The non-Southerner, of course, *is* the American; that's what winning a civil war has meant. It is somewhat like the problem faced by women. Simone de Beauvoir has pointed out that since the male is the standard of human achievement, a woman's value is measured by the degree to which she approximates that standard. And, in fact, one finds Dabbs's arguing for the "feminine" nature of Southern culture.

Dabbs quite properly devotes most of his book to the ante-bellum years, for the origins of Southern distinctiveness go far back and the Southerner is more tied to his past than are other Americans. Yet Southerners, for all that, have not had a realistic conception of their past. The bitterness of defeat has impelled them to transform the ante-bellum years into a Golden Myth and to overvalue the sad and wasted years of the Confederacy. (One South Carolinian, quoted by Dabbs, remarked that his schooling had taught him that "the greatest days of the South were the years from 1861-1865—during which she was committing suicide.") The past, instead of being an inspiration, has been a burden to the Southerner, separating him from other Americans with a happier history.

Despite his piety toward the past, the Southerner has not been willing to embrace it completely by becoming a thorough reactionary or an outright conservative. There is too much of the American in him for that. He has tried, instead, simultaneously "to hold on to the past and to grab the future." The point is well illustrated by the attitude of the New Southerner who could buy machines and build factories in emulation of the North while glorifying the Old South and fulsomely praising the military effort that vainly sought to preserve an agricultural order based on slave labor.

In one respect, however, as Dabbs makes clear, the Southerner's mind has not been divided and holds few conflicts. His life has been carried out in public, and his delight in rhetoric, speechmaking, storytelling, and, above all, politics, which runs all through the history of the South, testifies to his concern for surface, rather than internal, things. For the ante-bellum Southerner, "Sense was mainly common sense, life was mainly what it appeared to be." Rather than analyze life by driving it into a corner, as Thoreau advised, the Southerner accepted it as it was. In such a society, manners, personal honor, and the code duello are more than symbols; they are the very stuff of existence. The ante-bellum South liked to believe that it was modeled after the age of chivalry, but it could not produce a "great poetry or an inclusive religion" to give that model substance. Lacking its own critics and unable to accept the adverse judgments of others, the South came to see itself as perfect.

PERHAPS the most original theme that runs through Dabbs's book is the failure of Southern Protestantism. Once again, division is the theme. "The South tried to live, on the one hand, by a highly social culture, on the other by a highly individualistic religion. The culture did not support the religion, the religion did not support the culture." For the fact was that, with all their emphasis upon a community life, the Southerners' Protestantism was as individualistic as that of New Englanders. Unhappily, it lacked the one element—inward searching and introspection—that rescued Puritanism from egocentrism devoid of social compassion. Of all sections of the nation, the South was least touched by the religiously based social reforming spirit of the ante-bellum years, as it was the least influenced by the social gospel at the end of the nineteenth century. Since the Southerner's religion never entailed conflict with himself or with God, as Dabbs points out, its influence remained removed from life.

Yet there surely was a task for religion. Dabbs views slavery and the exclusion of the Negro as the great moral flaw in the South, the source of its divided mind and society, crippling white and black alike. Slavery locked white Southerners in its grip, immobilizing thought and retarding social change. Nor did slavery exemplify the ideal of a great community, as apologists like John C. Calhoun and George Fitzhugh asserted. Fundamentally it was only a way to make money and to exclude black men from society.

But Dabbs's implication that Protestantism is to be blamed for failing to see the moral flaw in slavery is quite another matter. Slavery flourished in the modern world, as it had in the ancient, sanc-

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tioned by state and church alike, until very gradually in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries it was placed outside the accepted canons of morality. Considering the conservative character of Southern thought and the profits accruing from slavery and the plantation, it is easy to understand why the South refused to accept the Northern view of the Christian message.

It follows from Dabbs's analysis that by accepting the world as it was, by being content with appearances, the Southerner operated on a different metaphysical plane from that of the opponents of slavery. To the Southerner, the Negro in slavery was the Negro for all time—without initiative, without morality, and without responsibility. Today, with examples of Negro achievement all around us, it requires little imagination and less faith to recognize what a free and justly treated black man might be. In the early nineteenth century, only belief in the perfectibility of man and in the unity of mankind under the fatherhood of God could provide such recognition. The abolitionists possessed that blind, uninformed, often unreasoning belief; they could, on faith, assert the potentiality for full manhood of even the despised Negro slave. Like any genuine faith, it had to be held fast against all the contrary appearances of everyday experience. Indeed, it was precisely this obstinate refusal to face the facts of the world that so outraged Southerners when their "peculiar institution" and their allegedly realistic conception of the black man were attacked. Dabbs, like Woodward, emphasizes the Southerner's deeper and more realistic sense of life, his greater awareness of life's disappointments and tragedy. But the price of such realism for the Southerner has been a lack of imagination, a lack of faith in what he and others are capable of. Romantic in many ways, the Southerner has never been romantic about the potentialities of man.

In the last third of his book, Dabbs looks at the present and to the future. He singles out the Negro revolution as the healing force that will end the ancient division. Less successfully, because less specifically, than Frederick Law Olmsted in the 1850's, Dabbs argues that the white Southerner has been shaped as much by the Negro as the Negro by the white. When Olmsted advanced a similar conclusion, he pointed to the effects of slavery and the plantation. But Dabbs intends more than this. He sees the influence emanating from the Negro's *inherent* character, not his character as conditioned by slavery and segregation. Dabbs is certainly no racist, but such an argument comes close to the edge. For from what is the character of any people derived if not from their culture?

Dabbs is on safer if still debatable ground when he asserts that the tactics of the Negro revolution draw upon the Southern tradition. What Negroes want, he writes, is to be a part of the community; they aspire, in other words, to the old Southern ideal. A less "Southern" commentator, however, might well say that this aspiration is nothing more than a desire to be an individual, equal in dignity with whites and treated with justice. Similarly "Southern" is his view of the nonviolence and self-discipline of the Negro sit-ins as reflections of "Southern manners at their best."

Perhaps what I have just said makes it appear that Dabbs is a sentimental Southerner after all. If so, I have been misleading, for he fully appreciates the Negro's essential complaint against his region. He rightly calls attention to the close relationship that many white Southerners have maintained with individual Negroes—a relationship that often surprises (and sometimes repels) Northerners. But unlike those who deplore the contemporary disruption of these familiar "good relationships," Dabbs correctly points out how limited they really were. For however personally satisfying these relationships may have been for individuals of both races, they have never met the issue because they have never become a part "of the public world, to be expressed there in social justice." Today's new and more difficult relationships are entering the public world, and in their full solution lies the hope not only for the Negro but for the white Southerner as well.

Authors-Da-Fe

ANDREW M. GREELEY

Objections to Roman Catholicism. Edited, with an Introduction, by Michael de la Bedoyere, *Lippincott. $3.95.*

Let us suppose, gentle reader, that you are a devout and practicing agnostic; you are informed that eight British Catholics (two laywomen, five laymen, and one controversial archbishop) have written a book called *Objections to Roman Catholicism* which has stirred up unmitigated (you should excuse the expression) hell in the British Church. You are told that this prelate, the Most Reverend Thomas Roberts, formerly Archbishop of Bombay, was dissuaded by his Jesuit superiors from attending a dinner in honor of the authors of the volume. You read that Evelyn Waugh declined to attend the same gathering with the words "I would gladly attend an auto-da-fé at which your guests were incinerated, but I will certainly not sit down to a social meal in their company." And when you see that John Crosby, surely an established authority on ecclesiastical matters, reports that the book "is bound to cause a storm inside and outside the Church," you are convinced that this is a book you simply have to read.

The book's dust jacket lifts your spirits even more. Superstition, freedom, authoritarianism, censorship, contraception, credulity, scholasticism, worldliness—these are the subjects our free-swinging authors are going to take on and indeed without bothering, as they proudly announce, to seek that evil imprimatur which decorates most R.C. books. At long last, you think, some of the more intelligent members of the Catholic laity have gotten up the nerve to blow the roof off their obscurantist, priest-ridden Church; $3.95 seems a small price to pay for such a document. But my advice to you, gentle agnostic, is to save your money, and, if you ignore my advice, at least heed my warning that Archbishop Roberts is, after all, a Jesuit.

The truth of the matter is that the seven brave authors (who really don't need an imprimatur, by the way), have set up a series of straw

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men at which they merrily flail, only to announce in the end that, despite all their objections, they still believe in the Church of Rome and their faith is as strong as ever. This, then, is the papists' new apologetic technique: they attack their church with even more vigor than its admitted enemies and, when they have persuaded the unwary reader that they are reasonable and sane men, conclude by observing that of course what they are blasting at is merely an accidental historical accretion to the Church. (They usually tie down the closing affirmation of faith with an allusion to Pope John, who, one gathers, would probably have contributed an essay to the volume were he still alive.)

These cryptodefenders of Vaticanism ask us to believe that you can become violently angry over much of what goes on in the Church, attack it with frantic vigor, and still without any contradiction remain a loyal member. Such an idea is extraordinarily dangerous and even subversive, and when it is purveyed under the title *Objections to Roman Catholicism,* it ought to be reported to the American Civil Liberties Union or at least the Better Business Bureau.

THUS, Magdalen Goffin can write a devastatingly witty essay on superstition and credulity and still defend the idea of sacraments. G. F. Pollard can grow quite angry at St. Thomas (apparently because the Angelic Doctor didn't read Freud) but conclude by offering Gregory of Nyssa (remember him?) as an alternative. Frank Roberts and Professor H. P. R. Finberg can rant at the abuses of authority, especially in book censorship, but never once question whether there ought to be such a thing as ecclesiastical authority. Archbishop Roberts is willing to trust in divine intervention to restrain the Communists if the Church should outlaw nuclear war, though he is somewhat less willing to expect this intervention to solve the population problem. But far from planning to leave the Church because of its positions on contraception and war, he thinks that he will be able to change these positions. There can be no doubt about it: for all the smoke and thunder, the seven authors are convinced Roman Catholics and indeed, it becomes clear, part of a sinister Roman Catholic plot.

Ah, but what about Evelyn Waugh and John Crosby? What about the Jesuit provincial who would not let Archbishop Roberts go to the authors' dinner? Crosby's role must remain a mystery, but the Jesuit *pas de deux* is exactly the sort of fakery one could expect from a religious order whose historical predilection for conniving is well known. As for Mr. Waugh, it is plain as day that this leader of the English Catholic laity must have been the one who hatched the whole scheme. «»

The Face Of Genius

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

THE UNGUARDED MOMENT, by Frederick Plaut. *Prentice-Hall. $15.*

It is the musicians and poets who have the most photogenic faces, as the pioneer photographer Nadar discovered when he began taking pictures of people like Berlioz and Baudelaire for his "Panthéon" of great nineteenth-century Parisians. Following in Nadar's footsteps, Frederick Plaut has assembled a handsome album of seventy-two composers, performers, actors, painters, and assorted geniuses—on the order of Casals, Laughton, Schweitzer, Mahalia Jackson, and the Sitwells (there are Sacheverell). Plaut himself is a master of two *métiers.* A senior recording engineer for Columbia Records in New York, he is also a superb photographer of people whose work is often exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art and in the picture magazines. In the recording studio, he often works together with his subjects for hours on end, helping them do their best for the microphone, and they become so accustomed to having him there that no one tenses or flinches when Plaut uncovers his cameras. As a result, his most sensitive portraits have a special quality of having been taken not so much in mid-action as in mid-thought, with that look of rapt concentration that can be caught only at utterly unguarded moments.

One notices surprisingly strong, weathered faces among these artists and intellectuals: not only that redoubtable man of the soil, Carl Sandburg, but also Mitropoulos, looking like a prizefighter; Bruno Walter, the old eagle; Villa-Lobos, the Brazilian dynamo; Ben Shahn, with the air of a New England farmer; and Picasso, the shrewd, intractable Spanish peasant. Most of them are shown in full-page enlargements, accompanied by capsule profiles written by Plaut himself. A few rate a whole picture sequence—Sir Thomas Beecham, holding forth jovially with a cigar as the barometer of his psyche; Igor Stravinsky, conducting, writing, listening to and enjoying his own music; Bernstein in rehearsal, choreographing a *molto espressivo.*

This is a uniquely American collection of culture heroes, and a statistical breakdown yields some fascinating figures about the current inhabitants of our Parnassus. Out of seventy-two personalities, I count some fifty who are foreign-born, though well over half of these have made their permanent homes in the U.S. Thirteen are Brittish and five have titles, of which three were earned and two inherited. After the English, it is the Russian-born who are most heavily represented. After them, the French. The seven Germans and Austrians are all, like Hindemith, expatriates and émigrés. There are five Negroes, all musicians. Nineteen or so are identifiably Jewish. Fourteen are women, and several are glamor girls, but their endowments are not strictly anatomical—Mary Martin, Marlene Dietrich, Ella Fitzgerald, Piaf, Lenya. Of the fifty-eight men, perhaps forty-two are heterosexual. The great majority are well along in years; though ours is said to be an era of young people, the median age of this pantheon seems to be closer to seventy than sixty. My favorite portrait is that of Edgard Varèse, the least celebrated of all these celebrities but also the great visionary composer of our time, who gazes with genial fury into the very future of music. Posterity will appreciate this man, and Plaut's fine picture of him.

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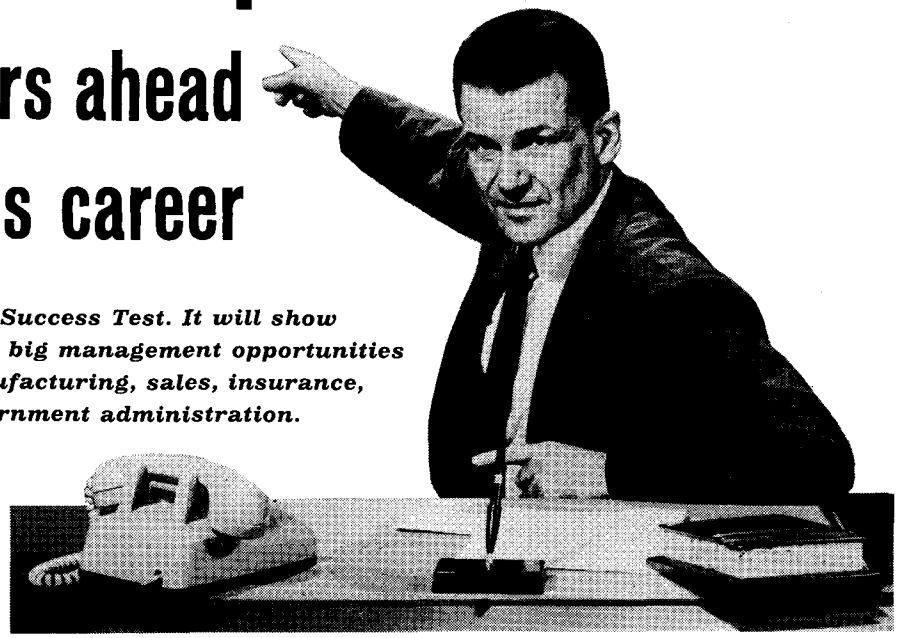

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Evenings that memories are made of
so often include **DRAMBUIE**
the cordial with the scotch whisky base

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